

THE LITERARY UNION.

W. W. NEWMAN, }
Proprietor.

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{ J. M. WINCHELL, }
{ JAMES JOHONNOT, } Editors.

VOL. 1.—No. 5.

SYRACUSE, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1849.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

CONTENTS.

PAGE	PAGE
Unrest.....65	The Confession.....72
The Last Leaf.....65	Thrill of the Yankee.....71
Truth.....65	Taking it Coolly.....72
The Gambler.....65	Politics.....73
Prayer against Pestilence.....67	Excusable Curiosity.....73
Conquest of Peru.....68	Influences which retard
The Two Missionaries.....69	Education.....74
Daily Prayer.....69	I'm going to be a man.....74
Uncertainty of Life.....69	New Books.....75
Artificial Light.....70	Literary Intelligence.....75
Geological Changes.....70	News.....76
Terrific Theory.....70	Encouragement.....77
Aaron Burr.....70	The Legal Profession.....77
The Mother of Fanny.....71	Profanity.....77
Kemble Butler.....71	New Constitution in Ky.....77
Mrs. Andrew Jackson.....71	A brilliant day dream.....78
Summer Longings.....71	Agricultural Chemistry.....78
Original Writers.....71	Practical Farming.....78
Good Night.....72	Gardening.....78

Poetry.

Original.

UNREST.

My soul, like a wandering bark,
Urged on by the tempest's might,
Is tost on the billows dark,
And floats through the realms of Night.
The Passion-winds shriek and groan
As over and past they sweep,
And the clouds of Doubt are blown
O'er the face of the troubled Deep.
Alas! when the weary soul
No haven of rest can find!
When the waters of sorrow roll
O'er the desolate mind!

Fearful and dread are the signs
That frown from the wrathful Heaven!
No star for the wanderer shines,
No Hope to Despair is given!
The canvas, spread in the Past,
To be filled by the breeze of Pleasure,
Is rent by the rushing blast,
And flaps by the shivered mast,
To the Hurricane's moaning measure!
Ah! when shall the rude winds cease?
Ah! when shall my soul know Peace?

ORISCO, April, 1844.

THE LAST LEAF.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
So forlorn;

And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone!"

The mossy marbles rest
O'er the lips that he had press'd
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grand-mamma has said—
Poor old lady! she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

And now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches—and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring—
Let them smile as I do now
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

TRUTH.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

Bold in speech and bold in action,
Be forever!—Time will test,
Of the free-souled and the slavish,
Which fulfills life's mission best.

Be thou like the noble Ancient—
Scorn the threat that bids thee fear;
Speak! no matter what betide thee;
Let them strike, but make them hear!

Be thou like the first Apostles;
Be thou like heroic Paul;
If a free thought seek expression,
Speak it boldly!—Speak it all!

Face thine enemies—accusers;
Scorn the prison, rack or rod!
And if thou hast Truth to utter,
Speak! and leave the rest to God.

Tales.

THE GAMBLER. A THRILLING NARRATIVE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

"A moment later, and the train would have gone without me," said I, as, almost breathless with running, I placed myself in the corner of a first-class carriage on the rail from Versailles to Paris. Three persons and a little dog were my companions. Soon I began to scrutinize them; and then, as is my custom when traveling, to amuse myself with fancying some tale or adventure of which they formed the *dramatis personæ*. Near me sat a pale looking young man, carelessly but elegantly dressed, and so intently reading, that even my hurried entrance scarcely caused him to lift his eyes from his book. In one corner sat an elderly gentleman, seemingly in that happy state which is between sleeping and waking; his cheeks were wrinkled, his hair gray and scant, and his thick and bushy eyebrows almost concealed his deep-set eyes, which from time to time were turned upon the young man engaged in reading. "Pshaw," thought I, "this is probably an uncle accompanying his thoughtless nephew to the town." And then I turned my attention to a young lady who occupied another corner of the carriage. She, too, was pale, and more interesting than handsome. Her dress, though simple, was perfect, and evidently the production of some first rate artist. Her whole style proclaimed her at once to belong to the higher order of society. Her eyes were large, and blue, and intellectual; her lips smiling; and a small, and delicately formed hand grasped a smelling-bottle, which she frequently used. Opposite to her lay a small English dog of uncommon beauty, between whom and his mistress frequent looks of affectionate recognition were exchanged. She seemed sickly, and to breathe with difficulty, frequently placing her hand on her heart, on which occasions I observed she wore a rich and costly bracelet. Such were my traveling companions. The supposed uncle now slept, now cast vacant looks around him; the thoughtless nephew read on; the lady often sighed; the little dog snored; and I indulged in all the luxury of a day-dream, fancying many a strange history connected with those around me. It was evident, as I thought, that they were strangers to each other; and then the lady, traveling alone in a first class carriage; her simple yet highly-finished dress, the gemmed bracelet, her reserved looks, and retiring manners, led me into a wide field of supposition, too quickly interrupted by our arrival at our destination. The train stopped; the pale gentleman continued his reading; the lady

again sighed, and placed her hand upon her heart; the old gentleman kept his seat; none seemed inclined to make the first move; so, slightly bowing to my companions, I left the carriage, and soon found myself in possession of a room at my hotel.

Dinner over, I went to the theatre; and from thence, by the persuasion of a friend, to a private gambling-house; and great was my surprise to find in the ostensible proprietor of the table the same old gentleman I had met in the railway carriage, and to whom I had assigned the character of a morose old uncle. Very few people were present, and play had not yet begun; and the *croupiers* or groom porters, as they are called in England, were seated on their high stools, on either side of the table, in that stolid indifference which, whether natural or assumed, seems always to mark such men. The old gentleman was seated at one end of the table, nervously grasping in his hand a massive snuff-box, while his eyes seemed restlessly to wander between the heap of gold before him and the door, which, soon opening, gave entrance to another of my traveling companions—the young man, the fancied nephew. Although very few people were present, play soon began. It was *rouge et noir*. Every sound was hushed, except the voice of the dealer calling the result of the games, and the rattling of the gold as it was “raked” from one to another.

I never played myself; and since I knew no one among the few gamblers present but my two traveling companions, my attention was altogether engrossed by their proceedings. Indeed the large sums which were lost by the young man, the *rouleau* after *rouleau* that he placed upon the table, only to be swept from before him, his pale cheek reddened by excitement, and his frequent and deep drawn sighs, most painfully interested me; and then his continual losses, the run of luck that was so evidently against him, and the cessation of all other play but his, deeply engrossed me. About one o'clock in the morning he left the room; and, I had every reason to suppose without a Napoleon in his possession. I immediately followed, and, much excited, with my friend repaired to sup in a neighboring coffee-house.

“You seem much excited with what we have seen,” said my friend; “and since you cannot conceal the interest you take in the play, and the evident taste you have for it, I admire you the more that no inducement can attempt you to participate in the game.”

“I never play myself,” said I, “though I confess that play deeply interests me, especially such high play as we have just seen.—Besides which I was doubly interested, since both the keeper of Bank, and the young man who has lost so much, were my silent companions on the railway from Versailles last evening; and more, those whom we have seen such keen adversaries in the fight for fortune, I absolutely supposed uncle and nephew.”

“The young man you allude to,” replied my friend, “is a Colonel in the Russian service, Count Z—, celebrated for his great losses. You know what enormous fortunes the greater part of the Russian nobility are possessed of; but still, from what I hear, I fancy that this poor man has not much remain-

ing. He has just come from Naples, where I am afraid to name the sum they say he left behind him. He is an incorrigible gambler, and strange to say, his almost invariably bad luck has not taught him wisdom. Who the banker is I do not know; I never saw him before, though I heard he was a Spaniard, who has just joined the concern with a very considerable capital. But here comes Monsieur Clement, the supposed proprietor of these rooms; let me introduce you.”

The usual compliments being exchanged, M. Clement took a seat at our table; and then I heard that the supposed Spaniard was an expatriated Polish officer, and as it was said of high birth, although he was only known as Captain Carlo. He lived very simply, and in great retirement, and it was only the day before that he had, to the astonishment of everybody, proposed to take the Bank into his own hands. His evident command of money, and the terms offered, were such as had induced the proprietors to comply with his seemingly strange proposal. It was very late, or rather an early hour in the morning, when we separated; and I do not know how often I turned in my bed before I could compose myself to sleep. My chamber, too, was small; the night oppressive; and my neighbor in the adjoining room, from whom I was separated but by a slight connecting door, apparently more restless than myself. He paced his room incessantly, and occasionally I heard the sigh or moan of mental and bodily distress. I suppose it was the wine I had drank, the excitement I had undergone, and an unwillingness to interfere in that which no way concerned me, which prevented me from pulling my bell and summoning a servant to my neighbor's assistance. At last, however, I fell asleep; and, as may be supposed, awoke late in the day, stupid and unrefreshed; and even when I left the room and repaired to the street—and, let me add, it was my first visit to Paris—a something seemed to hang over me; a dread of pending evil, that deprived the novel scenes of all their charms, and sent me back to my hotel to a quiet and lonely dinner in my room; and that finished, I was again alone with my wine, a slight dessert, and my wandering thoughts. I fell asleep. When I awoke it was night. A candle shone through a crevice of the door leading to the adjoining room; the conversation of a man and woman greatly excited my curiosity. I will not attempt to palliate the offence of listening to it. I could not help myself, nor even move or make a noise, so that my neighbors could understand that they might be overheard. The man's voice was first soft and entreating; the woman was evidently crying, and the little she said was in short and broken sentences, and so interrupted by convulsive sobs, that I could not follow them. I gleaned, however, enough to know that she was resisting and refusing a request the man was making her; at length, however, hysteric sighs were the only replies; and then his voice had lost its softness and persuasive tones; it became harsh, and loud, and imperative, and I plainly heard him.

“Well, madam,” said he, “you shall repent this obstinacy, and your determination to plunge me into hopeless ruin; and not only me, but yourself also. Something tells me I shall be fortunate to-night. If you will not give me your diamonds, you will deprive me

of the only opportunity of regaining all my bad luck has cost me.”

“Say rather what your folly, your madness has cost you,” said the lady. “It is all that you now have left us. These poor diamonds will scarcely suffice to take us home, and enable us to escape from this city of vice, and a ruin that every hour stares us more plainly in the face. I entreat you by all you ever held sacred, be contented with the dreadful lessons you have received; renounce this dreadful infatuation; return to a wife who, in spite of all you have brought upon her, still loves you, still adores you, and would still go hand in hand with you to retrieve our lost fortunes.”

“Madame,” cried the man, with a voice choking with passion, “all I ask are your jewels; keep your remonstrances, your reproaches to yourself. I am your husband, and I have the right to dispose of all your possessions as I may think fit to do.”

“Have you not sufficiently stripped me of my possessions, of my poor banished father's lands,” replied the lady, “that you would deprive me of this poor bracelet that contains my poor mother's portrait, to possess yourself the jewels which surround it? No,” continued she, after a moment's pause, interrupted by convulsive sobs—“no, I will defend this poor remnant of my fortune with my life. My mother's portrait shall never leave my arm; and I will preserve its diamonds to save me yet awhile from the want and misery I see approaching.”

A demon's laugh, which still rings in my ears as I write the words, was the man's reply. The door was suddenly opened, and so violently shut, that light was extinguished. I heard the wretched woman fall upon her knees, listened to her few, short, wild and supplicating prayers, and all was still.

* * * * *

At eleven o'clock I was again in Monsieur Clement's gambling room.

Captain Carlo was seated with clasped hands at the table anxiously, as I thought, watching the door. The Russian colonel was not there. He soon, however, arrived. His face was flushed, and he seemed intoxicated. He seated himself, and fixed his eyes intently staring at the gold which lay in heaps before him. Captain Carlo seemed to regard him with the most intense interest; but he saw nothing but the play and the gold upon the table.

“Make your game; the game is made,” said the croupier; and as he was about to deal the cards, the colonel cried, I may rather say shrieked, in a voice of wildness, “A hundred Napoleons on the red!”

The dealer paused, and seeing that the colonel placed no money upon the table, coolly said, “Pardon me, Sir, you must stake the money.”

The colonel seemed horror-struck; he became deadly pale, then fearfully red; and after a momentary struggle for utterance, he thundered out, “Dare you speak so to me, sir?” And then, in a lowered tone of voice, he said, as he left the room, “After the large sum I lost to you yesterday, I did not suppose as I had not my purse about me, that you would not have refused me so paltry a credit.” There was something in the whole manner of the man, and the tone of his voice, that seem-

ed as it were, to paralyze the appetite for play of the few who were present. One by one they left the room; and by some indefinable attraction I soon found myself the only stranger who had remained. Captain Carlo was apparently anxious and distracted, and one or two casual remarks I made to him were vaguely answered. Evidently his thoughts were elsewhere. No new comers had arrived. I did not play; the croupiers were about to put up the implements of their trade, and I to take my hat, when the door was suddenly thrown open, and again the colonel entered. How shall I describe his appearance? His face was distorted, and very pale; his lips livid; his hair disordered, and wildly hanging about his head; his right hand was in his breast; he trembled violently, and his glassy eyes wandered vacantly. He appeared to make an effort to rally and to recover himself, and calling for champagne, drank glass after glass nearly as rapidly as the servant poured it from the bottle. The draught appeared to sober him; and the croupier, as if to test his intentions, made a show of recommencing his vocation.

"Cut the cards if you please," said he.

"Red again!" immediately shouted the colonel, as he withdrew his hand from his breast and placed upon the table a magnificent bracelet, of apparently great value. "It is worth a hundred thousand francs," continued he.—"Ah! where now is your courage? You who an hour since refused me the miserable sum of one hundred Napoleons! What! are you afraid, or can you not cover my stake?"

Captain Carlo quietly, and without a word, opened a small box before him, and taking from it notes to the amount of a hundred thousand francs, placed them beside the bracelet. The game proceeded. "Black wins!" cried the croupier. The colonel had again lost, and the rich bracelet was the property of the Bank. The blood ran cold in my veins as I recognized the jewel. My head swam round, and I was obliged to cling to the table for support, I had nearly fainted with excitement and surprise; and I still felt as in a stupor, when the voice of Captain Carlo recalled me to myself.

"Colonel," said he, "I know that you have not provided yourself with money; but if, in the meantime, you will accept the contents of this pocket book, to-morrow we can arrange our account."

But why prolong the painful scene? The offer—how strange and unaccountable did it appear to me—was greedily grasped at, and the game recommenced; I need not tell with what vicissitudes. Suffice it to say, that all was again lost.

"Now I will pay you double or quits," said the colonel, in a paroxysm of utter desperation.

"No," replied the captain, "I will play no more: the sum you already owe me is more than you are able to repay. Yet stay: I will play you for ten times the sum, if your wife will be the security."

At these words, the unfortunate Russian uttered a cry more frantic, I think, than e'er was heard from the walls of a madman's den. I can never forget it. He fell backwards on a chair; his hair stood on end; his forehead was bathed in cold perspiration; his vigorous frame trembled like an aspen; he seemed to

stagger as he rose from the chair; but clasping the heavy table before him with his two hands, he pushed it from him with almost superhuman force and violence, and rushed from the room.

I was far too excited myself to observe the effect of this sad scene upon Captain Carlo; but he arose from his seat, and not perceiving that I was behind him, I heard him, to my great astonishment, say in a voice of profound emotion, "My poor, poor Julie—still he loves her: all is not yet lost; her honor is yet sacred to him: he may yet be saved." He turned and saw me, and trembling, he continued: "I have observed, sir, your interest in this unhappy man, and now bear witness that all good is not yet dead in his heart. Love for his wife still remains, for he would not involve her name in a gambler's deeds. No, no! he is not yet lost. Happiness and wealth are still in store for him. This night and my proceedings have cured him of his love of play.—Know, sir, that this man is the husband of my only child, from whom and from my country I have been long banished, and obliged even to keep my very existence a profound secret from my nearest relatives. I escaped with wealth which, by prudence and personal privation, has greatly accumulated. It is only lately that the pardon of my generous sovereign has recalled me to my country and my home, and only then I heard of my poor daughter's fate and her husband's infatuation. None could tell me where I could find them, for none knew where they were. I, however, fell upon their tracks, and heard enough to convince me that I need not interfere with any prospect of success till all was lost. His lands have long been sold; but I was rich, and could restore all when the proper moment came. Knowing that he was coming to Paris, I hastened to assume the character of the proprietor of these rooms, in the hope that, by allowing him to play for unlimited sums, I might hasten the happy moment when I should know he had staked his all and lost it, and I might proclaim myself and regain my children. This bracelet, sir, contains the portrait of my adored wife, who gave it to my poor child.—She would never have parted with it but in the last extremity. See what love will do! She has sacrificed her last remaining treasure, and he has refused to compromise her in name in his nefarious transactions. Oh!" cried the old man, the warm tears running from his eyes—"oh that it was to-morrow, that I could embrace my child, and pardon and restore her husband!"

Shocked with these fearful revelations, I hurried the poor old man at once to the hotel.

"I know where they are," said I; let us lose no time in going to them."

"Is Colonel, the Count Z——, at home?" hastily demanded Captain Carlo of the porter, at the hotel door.

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Has he been long absent?"

"He was here soon after eleven, and then again went out."

"Let us go up stairs," said I.

Impatience hastened the steps of the father; scarcely could I follow him with the light.—He knocked at the door; all was still. again he knocked, and the only reply was the suppressed and mournful howl of a little dog; and now he applied his hand to the lock, and

opened the door. All was dark. He took the candle from my hand, and went in; and I, irresistibly, compelled, followed him. Oh, horror of horrors, what a scene met my eyes? Dead upon the bed, and deluged in blood from a deep wound upon her beautiful arm, lay the only child of the poor old man!

In a few days afterwards, the wretched gambler, the cause of so much woe, was the inmate of an asylum for lunatics; his case adding another to the many instances of mental ruin from the ill-regulation and unjustifiable passion for gain!

Prayers against Pestilence.

A correspondent of the *N. O. Picayune*, writing from Mier, Mexico, says:—

Yesterday afternoon we arrived at this place which has as yet not been visited by the Cholera, and soon after we arrived, witnessed a religious ceremony got up to propitiate the Deity and solicit an exemption from the Cholera in favor of Mier. The doors and windows of nearly all the houses on the main plaza, were dressed with calico of gay colors, or with white muslin, and the church was brilliantly illuminated. Children by dozens, or rather by the gross, assembled in front of the cathedral, bearing little flags or handkerchiefs upon sticks, while scores of women, young and old, flocked to the cathedral, where a mass was said by the priests in full robes, and the solemn chants of the worshipers at that altar reverberated in an impressive manner from the arches and alcoves of the old cathedral.

Anon the solemn peals of the organ were heard, the bells of the edifice were rung, and the priests, preceded by altar boys bearing burning candles, and followed by a string of old men, also bearing candles, sallied from the sacred edifice and passed through the children who were kneeling in front in two rows.—One carried the host, others burning censers, and, chanting as they went, they proceeded to the first corner of the plaza, where a table was spread upon which were burning candles. There the procession stopped; priests, men, women and children, knelt, and a prayer was said. In this way they passed around the plaza, kneeling and praying at every outlet—rockets in the meanwhile being projected and bursting in the air with an explosion like a pistol shot. There were at least five hundred persons in the procession. Heaven grant that their prayers may avail them.

Here let me give a word of advice to all parties coming by this route. Do not form parties to exceed 15 in number, as it will be difficult to procure subsistence and forage en route for larger ones. And above all do not encumber yourselves with unnecessary baggage. No man's baggage, of all descriptions, ought to exceed 150 pounds; and it is folly to bring any amount of provisions. A few cooking utensils are necessary, and also saddles and bridles. As regards pack saddles for the mules, the American ones are a failure, unless you have leathern panniers or some method of swinging your packs low. The Mexican mode of packing is so peculiar that their own packs or pads answer better.

Why is a kiss like a rumor? Because it passes from mouth to mouth.

It has been suggested that the best board of health in the world is a wash-board.

Historical.

THE CONQUEST OF PERU.

BY WM. H. PRESCOTT.

It was not long before sunset, when the van of the royal procession entered the gates of the city. First came some hundreds of the menials, employed to clear the path from every obstacle, and singing songs of triumph as they came, "which in our ears," says one of the Conquerors, "sounded like the songs of hell!"

Then followed other bodies of different ranks, and dressed in different liveries. Some wore a showy stuff, checkered, white and red, like the squares of a chess-board. Others were clad in pure white, bearing hammers or maces of silver or copper; and the guards, together with those in immediate attendance on the prince, were distinguished by a rich azure livery, and a profusion of gay ornaments, while the large pendants attached to the ears indicated the Peruvian noble.

Elevated high above his vassals came the Inca Atahualpa, borne on a sedan or open litter, on which was a sort of throne made of massive gold of inestimable value. The palanquin was lined with the richly colored plumes of tropical birds, and studded with shining plates of gold and silver. The monarch's attire was much richer than on the preceding evening. Round his neck was suspended a collar of emeralds of uncommon size and brilliancy. His short hair was decorated with golden ornaments, and the imperial *borla* encircled his temples. The bearing of the Inca was sedate and dignified; and from his lofty station he looked down on the multitudes below with an air of composure, like one accustomed to command.

As the leading files of the procession entered the great square, larger, says an old chronicler, than any square in Spain, they opened to the right and left for the royal retinue to pass. Every thing was conducted with admirable order. The monarch was permitted to traverse the plaza in silence, and not a Spaniard was to be seen. When some five or six thousand of his people had entered the place, Atahualpa halted, and, turning round with an inquiring look, demanded, "Where are the strangers?"

At this moment Fray Vicente de Valverde, Dominican friar, Pizarro's chaplain, and afterward Bishop of Cuzco, came forward with his breviary, or, as other accounts say, a Bible, in one hand, and a crucifix in the other, and, approaching the Inca, told him, that he came by order of his commander to expound to him the doctrines of the true faith, for which purpose the Spaniards had come from a great distance to his country. The friar then explained, as clearly as he could, the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity, and, ascending high in his account, began with the creation of man, thence passed to his fall, to his subsequent redemption by Jesus Christ, to the crucifixion, and the ascension, when the Saviour left the Apostle Peter as his Vicegerent upon earth. This pow-

er had been transmitted to the successors of the Apostle, good and wise men, who, under the title of Popes, held authority over all powers and potentates on earth. One of the last of these Popes had commissioned the Spanish emperor, the most mighty monarch in the world, to conquer and convert the natives in this western hemisphere; and his general, Francisco Pizarro, had now come to execute this important mission. The friar concluded with beseeching the Peruvian monarch to receive him kindly; to abjure the errors of his own faith, and embrace that of the Christians now proffered to him, the only one by which he could hope for salvation; and, furthermore, to acknowledge himself a tributary of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who, in that event, would aid and protect him as his loyal vassal.

Whether Atahualpa possessed himself of every link in the curious chain of argument by which the monk connected Pizarro with St. Peter, may be doubted. It is certain, however, that he must have had very incorrect notions of the Trinity, if, as Garcilasso states, the interpreter Felipillo explained it by saying, that "the Christians believed in three Gods and one God, and that made four." But there is no doubt he perfectly comprehended that the drift of the discourse was to persuade him to resign his scepter and acknowledge the supremacy of another.

The eyes of the Indian monarch flashed fire, and his dark brow grew darker as he replied,—"I will be no man's tributary. I am greater than any prince upon earth. Your emperor may be a great prince; I do not doubt it, when I see that he has sent his subjects so far across the waters; and I am willing to hold him as a brother. As for the Pope of whom you speak, he must be crazy to talk of giving away countries which do not belong to him. For my faith," he continued, "I will not change it.—Your own God, as you say, was put to death by the very men whom he created. But mine," he concluded, pointing to his Deity,—then, alas! sinking in glory behind the mountains,— "my God still lives in the heavens, and looks down on his children."

He then demanded of Valverde by what authority he had said these things. The friar pointed to the book which he held, as his authority. Atahualpa, taking it, turned over the pages a moment, then, as the insult he had received probably flashed across his mind, he threw it down with vehemence, and exclaimed,— "Tell your comrades that they shall give me an account of their doings in my land. I will not go from here, till they have made me full satisfaction for all the wrongs they have committed."

The friar, greatly scandalized by the indignity offered to the sacred volume, stayed only to pick it up, and, hastening to Pizarro, informed him of what had been done, exclaiming, at the same time,— "Do you not see, that, while we stand here wasting our breath in talking with this dog, full of pride as he is, the fields are filling with Indians? Set on, at once; I absolve you." Pizarro saw that the hour had

come. He waved a white scarf in the air, the appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress. Then, springing into the square, the Spanish captain and his followers shouted the old war-cry of "St. Jago and at them." It was answered by the battle-cry of every Spaniard in the city, as rushing from the avenues of the great halls in which they were concealed, they poured into the plaza, horse and foot, each in his own dark column, and threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd. The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, the echoes of which reverberated like thunder from the surrounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke which rolled in sulphurous volumes along the square, were seized with a panic.— They knew not whither to fly for refuge from the coming ruin. Nobles and commoners,— all were trampled down under the fierce charge of the cavalry, who dealt their blows, right and left, without sparing; while their swords, flashing through the thick gloom, carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now, for the first time, saw the horse and his rider in all their terrors. They made no resistance,—as, indeed, they had no weapons with which to make it. Every avenue to escape was closed, for the entrance to the square was choked up with the dead bodies of men who had perished in vain efforts to fly; and, such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants, that a large body of Indians, by their convulsive struggles, burst through the wall of stone and dried clay which formed part of the boundary of the plaza! It fell, leaving an opening of more than a hundred paces, through which multitudes now found their way into the country, still hotly pursued by the cavalry, who, leaping the fallen rubbish, hung on the rear of the fugitives, striking them down in all directions.

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The Indian monarch, stunned and bewildered, saw his faithful subjects falling round him without fully comprehending his situation.— The litter on which he rode heaved to and fro, as the mighty press swayed backwards and forwards; and he gazed on the overwhelming ruin, like some forlorn mariner, who tossed about in his bark by the furious elements, sees

the lightning's flash and hears the thunder bursting around him with the consciousness that he can do nothing to avert his fate. At length, weary with the work of destruction, the Spaniards, as the shades of evening grew deeper felt afraid that the royal prize might, after all, elude them; and some of the cavaliers made a desperate attempt to end the affray at once by taking Atahualpa's life. But Pizarro, who was nearest his person, called out with Stentorian voice, "Let no one, who values his life, strike at the Inca"; and, stretching out his arm to shield him, received a wound on the hand from one of his own men,—the only wound received by a Spaniard in the action.

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A young lady once remarked that there was but one word in the Bible she wished altered, and that was in the passage—"Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." She would have the word "smite" changed to "kiss."

Religions.

THE TWO MISSIONARIES.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

In the pyramids' heavy shadows,
And by the Nile's deep flood,
They leaned on the arm of Jesus,
And preached to the multitude;
Where only the ostrich and parrot
Went by on the burning sands,
They builded to God an altar,
Lifting up holy hands.

But even while kneeling lowly,
At the foot of the cross to pray,
Eternity's shadows slowly
Stole over their pilgrim way:
And one, with the journey weary,
And faint with the spirit's strife,
Fell sweetly asleep in Jesus.
Hard by the gates of life.

O! not in Gethsemane's garden,
And not by Genesareth's wave,
The light, like a golden mantle,
O'erspreadeth his lowly grave;
But the bird of the burning desert
Goes by with a noiseless tread,
And the tent of the restless Arab
Is silently near him spread.

O! could we remember only,
Who shrink from the lightest ill,
His sorrows, who, bruised and lonely,
Wrought on in the vineyard still—
Surely the tale of sorrow
Would fall on the mourner's breast,
Hashing, like oil on the waters,
The troubled wave to rest.

Daily Prayer.

THE Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments agree in enjoining prayer. Let no man call himself a Christian, who lives without giving a part of life to this duty. We are not taught how often we must pray; but our Lord in teaching us to say, "Give us this day our daily bread," implies that we should pray daily. He has even said to us, "pray always;" an injunction to be explained indeed with that latitude which many of his precepts require, but which is not to be satisfied, we think, without regular and habitual devotion. As to the particular hours to be given to this duty, every Christian may choose them for himself. Our religion is too liberal and spiritual to bind us to any place or any hour of prayer. But there are parts of the day particularly favorable to this duty, and which, if possible, should be redeemed for it. On these we shall offer a few reflections.

The first of these periods is the morning, which even nature seems to have pointed out to men of different religions, as a fit time for offerings to the Divinity. In the morning our minds are not so much shaken by worldly cares and pleasures, as in other parts of the day. Retirement and sleep have helped to allay the violence of our feelings, to calm the feverish excitement so often produced by intercourse with men. The hour is a still one.

The hurry and tumults of life are not begun, and we naturally share in the tranquillity around us. Having for so many hours lost our hold on the world, we can banish it more easily from the mind, and worship with less divided attention. This, then, is a favorable time for approaching the invisible Author of our being, for strengthening the intimacy of our minds with him, for thinking upon a future life, and for seeking those spiritual aids which we need in the labors and temptations of every day.

In the morning there is much to feed the spirit of devotion. It offers an abundance of thoughts friendly to pious feeling. When we look on creation, what a happy and touching change do we witness! A few hours past, the earth was wrapped in gloom and silence. There seemed "a pause in nature." But now, a new flood of light has broken forth, and creation rises before us in fresher and brighter hues, and seems to rejoice as if it had just received birth from its Author. The sun never sheds more cheerful beams, and never proclaims more loudly God's glory and goodness, than when he returns after the coldness and dampness of night, and awakens man and inferior animals to the various purposes of their being. A spirit of joy seems breathed over the earth and through the sky. It requires little effort of imagination to read delight in the kindled clouds, or in the fields bright with dew. This is the time when we can best feel and bless the Power which said, "let there be light;" which "set a tabernacle for the sun in the heavens," and made him the dispenser of fruitfulness and enjoyment thro' all regions.

Uncertainty of Life.

Once more, a solemn teaching comes to us from this day's meditation. Our friend was called in the midst of life, and so may we be called. How thin the barrier between time and eternity! We think this earth firmer than the sea in which he found a grave. But one false step on this firm earth may precipitate us into the tomb. Human life is not so strong, that waves and fires must join for its extinction. One ruptured artery may suspend the breath as suddenly as an ocean. From that awful scene, where so many have perished, a voice comes to us, saying, Prepare to die. So live that sudden death may only be a swifter entrance into a higher life. So live, that survivors may shed over you tears of hope as well as of sorrow, that they may find, in their remembrances of you, springs of comfort, testimonies to religion, encouragements to goodness, and proofs and pledges of immortality. So live, that the injured and oppressed, the poor and forsaken, may utter blessings on your name. So live, that if by God's mysterious Providence you also are to die in flames or in the sea, you may commit your departing spirits to Him who gave them, with humble trust, with filial prayer, with undying hope.

He who is most industrious has really the most of leisure; for his time is marked out into distinct portions to each of which something is assigned; and when the thing is done, the man is at leisure; but a dead calm settles over him who lives an idle life.

Historical.

THE CONQUEST OF PERU.

BY WM. H. PRESCOTT.

It was not long before sunset, when the van of the royal procession entered the gates of the city. First came some hundreds of the menials, employed to clear the path from every obstacle, and singing songs of triumph as they came, "which in our ears," says one of the Conquerors, "sounded like the songs of hell!"

Then followed other bodies of different ranks, and dressed in different liveries. Some wore a showy stuff, checkered, white and red, like the squares of a chess-board. Others were clad in pure white, bearing hammers or maces of silver or copper; and the guards, together with those in immediate attendance on the prince, were distinguished by a rich azure livery, and a profusion of gay ornaments, while the large pendants attached to the ears indicated the Peruvian noble.

Elevated high above his vassals came the Inca Atahualpa, borne on a sedan or open litter, on which was a sort of throne made of massive gold of inestimable value. The palanquin was lined with the richly colored plumes of tropical birds, and studded with shining plates of gold and silver. The monarch's attire was much richer than on the preceding evening. Round his neck was suspended a collar of emeralds of uncommon size and brilliancy. His short hair was decorated with golden ornaments, and the imperial *borla* encircled his temples. The bearing of the Inca was sedate and dignified; and from his lofty station he looked down on the multitudes below with an air of composure, like one accustomed to command.

As the leading files of the procession entered the great square, larger, says an old chronicler, than any square in Spain, they opened to the right and left for the royal retinue to pass. Every thing was conducted with admirable order. The monarch was permitted to traverse the *plaza* in silence, and not a Spaniard was to be seen. When some five or six thousand of his people had entered the place, Atahualpa halted, and, turning round with an inquiring look, demanded, "Where are the strangers?"

At this moment Fray Vicente de Valverde, Dominican friar, Pizarro's chaplain, and afterward Bishop of Cuzco, came forward with his breviary, or, as other accounts say, a Bible, in one hand, and a crucifix in the other, and, approaching the Inca, told him, that he came by order of his commander to expound to him the doctrines of the true faith, for which purpose the Spaniards had come from a great distance to his country. The friar then explained, as clearly as he could, the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity, and, ascending high in his account, began with the creation of man, thence passed to his fall, to his subsequent redemption by Jesus Christ, to the crucifixion, and the ascension, when the Saviour left the Apostle Peter as his Vicegerent upon earth. This pow-

er had been transmitted to the successors of the Apostle, good and wise men, who, under the title of Popes, held authority over all powers and potentates on earth. One of the last of these Popes had commissioned the Spanish emperor, the most mighty monarch in the world, to conquer and convert the natives in this western hemisphere; and his general, Francisco Pizarro, had now come to execute this important mission. The friar concluded with beseeching the Peruvian monarch to receive him kindly; to abjure the errors of his own faith, and embrace that of the Christians now proffered to him, the only one by which he could hope for salvation; and, furthermore, to acknowledge himself a tributary of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who, in that event, would aid and protect him as his loyal vassal.

Whether Atahualpa possessed himself of every link in the curious chain of argument by which the monk connected Pizarro with St. Peter, may be doubted. It is certain, however, that he must have had very incorrect notions of the Trinity, if, as Garcilasso states, the interpreter Felipillo explained it by saying, that "the Christians believed in three Gods and one God, and that made four." But there is no doubt he perfectly comprehended that the drift of the discourse was to persuade him to resign his scepter and acknowledge the supremacy of another.

The eyes of the Indian monarch flashed fire, and his dark brow grew darker as he replied,—"I will be no man's tributary. I am greater than any prince upon earth. Your emperor may be a great prince; I do not doubt it, when I see that he has sent his subjects so far across the waters; and I am willing to hold him as a brother. As for the Pope of whom you speak, he must be crazy to talk of giving away countries which do not belong to him. For my faith," he continued, "I will not change it.—Your own God, as you say, was put to death by the very men whom he created. But mine," he concluded, pointing to his Deity,—then, alas! sinking in glory behind the mountains,— "my God still lives in the heavens, and looks down on his children."

He then demanded of Valverde by what authority he had said these things. The friar pointed to the book which he held, as his authority. Atahualpa, taking it, turned over the pages a moment, then, as the insult he had received probably flashed across his mind, he threw it down with vehemence, and exclaimed,—"Tell your comrades that they shall give me an account of their doings in my land. I will not go from here, till they have made me full satisfaction for all the wrongs they have committed."

The friar, greatly scandalized by the indignity offered to the sacred volume, stayed only to pick it up, and, hastening to Pizarro, informed him of what had been done, exclaiming, at the same time,—"Do you not see, that, while we stand here wasting our breath in talking with this dog, full of pride as he is, the fields are filling with Indians? Set on, at once; I absolve you." Pizarro saw that the hour had

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Scientific.

Artificial Light.

In the solar rays, three tints are so combined, that in their transmission through the azure atmosphere, they yield a perfectly colorless light. These rays are red, yellow, and blue, and it is to the just and exact balance of these colors, that we owe our pure light. In artificial light, however produced, the equipoise is disturbed—the red and yellow tints predominate to a great extent over the third color, the blue, and thus, all light so produced affects the natural and true color of existing objects. To this reason we have to attribute the difficulty of discriminating between delicate tints when viewed by the light of a candle.

When luminous rays are transmitted through tinted glass, it is known that those colors which are complimentary to that of the glass are in part neutralized, and the transmitted light is modified according to the color of the medium employed. Experience tells us that the excess of color in artificial light exists in the red and yellow tints; the corrective medium, then, must be blue, in order to cause the transmitted light to become achromatic. The depth of color (which is to be obtained from cobalt) of the glass, must depend materially on its form and thickness, and the nature of the uncorrected light; this point must rest for its complete elucidation upon the manufacturer's experience.

Artificial light to be tested, should be enclosed in a fitting box or lantern; let a direct ray fall on a white substance, as paper, side by side with a direct ray of a warm sunlight in a room to which no other ray of light has access. So long as the ray of corrected artificial light is of a warmer or ruddier quality than the ray of solar light, the achromatic power is short of its highest intensity, and therefore within the range of true achromatic powers, or further and more perfect correction. If the artificial light appears colder or bluer, the medium is too deeply tinged, and is not an achromatic but a colored medium, applicable in no way to the improvement of artificial light by the correction of the excess of colored rays emanating therefrom. If the qualities of the respective rays be the same, then it will be evident that the highest point has been reached, and the medium is at its highest available power of state.

Geological Changes of Our Own Time.

Lyell, Darwin, and others, have lately collected and powerfully applied, a curious class of facts, to prove the slow and continuous upheaving or depression of large tracts of land in different parts of the world, in effect of subterranean changes going on underneath. The phenomenon belongs to our own time, as well as to anterior ages in the history of the globe. In Sweden, for instance, a line traverses the southern part of the kingdom, from the Baltic to the Categat, to the North of which, even as far as the North Cape of Europe, there is evidence, scarcely disputable in kind, that the land is gradually rising at the average of nearly forty feet in a century; while, to the South of this axial line, there are similar proofs of a slow subsidence of

surface in relation to the level of the adjacent seas. This, and various other examples of what may be termed secular changes of elevation, particularly in South America, and amidst the great coral foundations of the Indian and Pacific Oceans, have led the eminent geologists just named to regard such slow progressive changes as the probable cause of many or most of those great aspects of the earth's surface, which by others have been attributed to paroxysmal actions of subterranean forces, sudden, and violent in kind.—*Quarterly Review.*

Terrific Theory.

Professor Silliman mentions the fact, that in boring the Artesian wells in Paris, the temperature of the earth increased at the rate of one degree for every fifty feet towards the center. Reasoning from causes known to exist, he says:—

That the whole interior portion of the earth, or at least a great part of it, is an ocean of melted rocks, agitated by violent winds, tho' I dare not affirm it, is still rendered highly probable by the phenomena of volcanoes.—The facts connected with their eruption have been ascertained and placed beyond a doubt. How, then, are they to be accounted for? The theory prevalent some years since, that they are caused by the combustion of immense coal beds, is perfectly puerile, and is entirely abandoned. All the coal in the world would not afford fuel enough for a single capital exhibition of Vesuvius. We must look higher than this, and I have but little doubt that the whole rests on the action of electric and galvanic principles which are constantly in operation in the earth.

Lyell does not regard the theory as founded on any sufficient data, which teaches the doctrine that the whole earth is a mass of melted rocks, except a crust of a few miles in thickness, as an outer covering. True, there are over three hundred active volcanoes known to exist; but these are more likely to be strictly local and limited in their extent downward and laterally, than the outlets of one continuous mass of liquid minerals, reaching from the earth's center to the base of these volcanic cones.

Professor Silliman encourages the comforting opinion that the fragile shell on which we live is from one to two hundred miles thick, and little likely to burst asunder and let us drop into the boiling iron and granite.

A Peculiar Race.

I have now and then met a peculiar race scattered through Ireland, with lovely, rich, dark brown hair, having a golden tinge—the real auburn; the skin is soft and beautiful; the thinking forehead forms almost a line with the straight, mild nose; the mouth, lips, and chin, are exquisite; the teeth are white and well set; and then that expressive, soft, dark eye, contains so much honest love, it really speaks; the whole countenance is expanded and open; such harmony of parts. * * The man is equally elegant. * * Occasionally you will meet this race doing penance on Holy Island, performing a weary pilgrimage round and round, on the bare knee, traveling the rough pathway on the toilsome crag of some holy well.—*Dr. Massey, (Med. Times.)*

Personal Sketches.

Aaron Burr.

If Blannerhassett had been the only person ruined by Burr, in the prosecution of his enterprises, charity would suggest a burial of our remembrance of the exile's desolation.—But the victims of Burr are to be numbered by hundreds. The bases and the peaks of society alike show the scathing marks of his fiery visitation.

He cherished no friendship; he returned unhonored, the drafts of gratitude; he kindled by the very fireside of hospitality the flame of lust, and felt little pleasure in bidding adieu to the *Lares* of his host, until the dearest that flourished in their shadows were sacrificed.—The man's whole being centred on the pivot of selfishness. But for the affection he manifested toward his daughter, his sole moral merits seem to have been courage and coolness; and yet, clustering as were the laurels which they wedded to his brow, his baser passions so predominated, that he held it more glorious to seduce a woman than to glitter in the field of letters, to scale the steep of philosophy, or to wave a banner victoriously in battle.

He courted the man to corrupt his wife, the statesman to profit by his influence, the millionaire to obtain his money, and the world to gratify his desires. He was the most dangerous from the possession of an intellect, massive, piercing, brilliant, united to a frame at once handsome and vigorous. His mind was but the keen and resistless weapon with which his passions hewed a way to conquest. That weapon was Protean. But few could escape its ever-changing attack. If the victim came fully under the gaze of an eye—whose sharpness resembled lightning imprisoned and forever playing in a cloud as black as night—he was lost. Burr's conversation was irresistibly fascinating—his hand swept over every chord of the human heart. He strewed the rosy path of the happy with flowers of a still brighter hue; he arched the troubled sky of the desponding with the rainbow of hope; he conjured up before the wrapt visions of the avaricious, mountains of gold; and to the aspiring, he pointed out the shadowy vistas of glory.

Thus, he stood, gifted, unprincipled, ruthless, and terrible. The want of fortune alone prevented his presenting in one lurid, dreadful and overwhelming mass, that evil which he accomplished but too successfully in many details. Chance confined to valleys, comparatively humble, a tempest which only waited for a release to devastate continents.

It may be asked, "Is not his valor on the battle-fields of his country to be remembered?" The answer must be "Yes!" That was a redeeming trait. No matter from what motive his military talents were exercised, our land reaped some benefit. But there are many persons who will doubt the real patriotism of one who was so ready to forswear his allegiance, who trampled on so much that was sacred, and who held even his exploits against tyranny as less glorious than the moral destruction of a human being.

Age is expected to subdue; but with Burr the winter of time brought no snows to cool the lava of passion. At four-score and six,

the crater wore a glow as ardent as at twenty. His faculties mocked at a century. Age should bring the soothing calm of religion, to enable the bark which has been tossed by the storms of life, to prepare for a worthy entrance into the sea of another world. Burr died as he lived, practically an atheist. Age should bring respect; Burr died as he had lived, without the respect of the good. His hoary hairs went down to the grave, floating on the breeze of infamy.

In cunning an Iago; in lust a Tarquin; in patience a Cataline; in pleasure a Sybarite; in gratitude a Malay; and in ambition a Napoleon; he affords the world a powerful example of powerful intellect, destitute of virtue. His portrait would fitly appear in a circle of Dante's Inferno.

Let no one accuse me of stepping with unsandaled feet through the solemn vaults of the sepulchre. Aaron Burr belongs to History. *Such was the lot he chose.*

The Mother of Fanny Kemble Butler.

Charles Kemble married Miss Therese De Camp, an elegant and accomplished woman of extraordinary versatility of talent, born as it were upon the stage, educated upon its boards, and trained in all the mysteries of its art. She was an unrivaled actress, according to the more fashionable phrase of the day, in those speaking pantomimes which had found their way to public favor. Nor did she acquire less fame in her representations of pert chambermaids. An accomplished dancer, a proficient musician, with a strong, clear and articulate voice, an elegant figure, with a strongly marked countenance sparkling with expression, she had no equal to compare with. She stood alone in the commanding position which her talents in their rich diffusion had secured; the especial favorite of a London audience, the beloved and admired of all beholders. She possessed one charm of all others, one bright enduring charm—that in the hot bed of the state, in the dense atmosphere of profligacy and vice, her reputation received no stain; the breath of slander and detraction passed her by in the quest of its victims, nor stayed to shed their poison on her name. She was the mother and preceptress of Mrs. Butler.

Mrs. Andrew Jackson.

THERE IS ROMANCE EVEN AMONG STATESMEN.—Mrs. Jackson, when she married the General, was Mrs. Roberts, and her husband was still living. She had in her girlish days been the object of the General's idolatry; but "the course of true love never did run smooth," and the youthful lovers differed and separated. The lady's original name was Donelson; she afterwards married a man by the name of Roberts, who proved to be a profligate, a brute, a drunkard and a tyrant. He was in the habit of beating his wife, and of otherwise treating her with great brutality.

This lamentable state being made known to Gen. Jackson, he one day called at Roberts' house, took her away, and placed her in a position where she would escape the fiend-like conduct of her husband. Roberts complained that he was injured, and forcibly deprived of his wife's society; whereupon he was informed that, if he did not keep quiet, his ears

would be disposed of. Subsequently, he submitted to a divorce, and Gen. Jackson married the lady.

Mrs. Jackson was a good and very pious woman, but exceedingly illiterate. She possessed none of the graces that adorn fashionable life, but was beloved by her husband with a matchless devotion. She was the only being on earth who could control his iron will and fierce and indomitable temperament.—*N. Y. Atlas.*

From Excelsior.

A City Editor "At Home."

A Boston correspondent of the *Hartford Republican*, gives an account of a recent visit made by himself, in company with a friend, to the residence of the able and industrious, if not popular editor of the *Chronotype*—Elizur Wright. It was at the time the paper had a short vacation on account of the fire that devoured it out; and Elizur had a vacation, too, from his editorial chair, and was richly enjoying it, (to all appearance,) in the bosom of his family. The writer says:—

"We started off, and after calling to see the ruined *Chronotype* office, rung a bell at a door in — street, and were shown up into Elizur Wright's drawing, playing, music-and-dancing room. And what a sight greeted us! You should have seen it—let a painter paint it as I saw it, and it would ensure his fame! Down upon the carpet was a man with a pale face, dark hair, eyes darker yet and sparkling, of middling size, mending a broken chair, and at the same time attempting to fondle one of the 'beautiful' babies that ever was seen. Scattered all about him were a band of children, boys and girls, ranging from one to fifteen years of age. Some were laughing, none crying, and one, a mere boy, sat at the piano.— And among them I saw a woman of fine appearance, with beautiful hair and eyes, and a sweet expression of face. The man over the chair, with pale face and brilliant eyes, kissing a baby, was Elizur Wright, the editor-poet, the daring, working, earnest reformer, who, as we came in, came heartily forward to welcome us in among his flock. The boy at the piano was his oldest, just fifteen, and an expert musician. He purchased the piano when he was only ten years of age, with his own money, earned by teaching music! The father said that the boy earned as much as himself (at editing) by his music! The woman so kind-faced was the mother. We talked fast on various things, but I could not take my eyes off the children, for never before had I seen such a flock of happy little faces, all the members of one family. If I counted right, there were thirteen in all—only think of it! In talking, Elizur is interesting, but his great talent is with his pen. When we had staid awhile, the boy-musician, at our request, commenced playing a delightful piece of dancing music, and two of his little sisters, eight or nine years of age, danced to the music. It was really worth an evening at the best opera in the world to see those little things, so small-footed and agile, dance so merrily and so very gracefully upon their drawing-room carpet.— It made my heart more buoyant than it had been for a six months previous, and I have been lighter ever since!"

Miscellany.

SUMMER LONGINGS.

Las Mananas floridas
De Abril y Mayo.—CALDERON.

Ah! my heart is ever waiting—
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn-brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting—
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May—
Longing to escape from study,
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the summer's day.
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May—
Sighing for the sure returning,
When the Summer beams are burning,
Hopes and flowers that dead or dying,
All the winter lay.
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May—
Throbbing for the sea-side billows,
Or the water-wooing willows;
Where in laughing and in sobbing
Glide the streams away.
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May,
Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
Moonlit evenings, sun-bright mornings,
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life's ill ebbs away—
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May!

Original Writers.

It was a true remark of an English Review, predicated upon an intimate knowledge of the requirements of oratory, that a man who can say things as no one else can say them, who possesses the charm of a perfectly original and characteristic style, who sees by the light of his own eyes, and expresses himself in the unhackneyed coinage of his own brain, is secure of readers. A fresh style is more than a new subject. There are minds of such inherent staleness that all they touch takes that complexion. They start on their career like the Gibeonites, with old shoes and clouted on their feet, and dry provisions for the way. It matters not how new the topic, with them it is old; we seem to have heard it all before and are already weary. In gay contrast with these dull journeyers are others to whom the common way-side, the worn-out paths of life, furnish variety enough and matter for their genius. They find novelty and dignity in what we had hitherto passed over as common

and trivial; they show us distances bathed in light, a foreground picturesque and fantastic, in scenes till now too familiar for any definite impression; but henceforth never to be looked at without interest, and forever associated with their memory. And this gift of theirs is a real power of perception; it is no exercise of mere fancy. It is not a delusion substituted for the reality, but the reality itself, which our careless, unobservant glance had failed to discover before its true intricacy and grace.—*Excelsior*.

A Mean Case.

Some years since, when money was scarce, and almost everything was done in the way of trade, a man named Jones called into the grocery and dry good store of one Mr. Brown, and asked for a darning needle, offering in exchange an egg. After receiving the needle, Jones said,

"Come, sir, ain't you going to treat?"

"What, on that trade?" inquired Brown.

"Certainly, a trade's a trade, let it be big or little."

"Well, what will you take?"

"A glass of wine," said Jones.

The wine was poured out, when the sponge said, "would it be asking too much to request you to put an egg into this wine? I am very fond of wine and egg."

Appalled by the man's meanness, the store-keeper took the identical egg which he had received for the darning needle, and handed it to his customer, who, on breaking it into his wine glass discovered that it contained a double yolk. "Look here," said the sponge, "don't you think you ought to give me another darning needle? this you see is a double egg."

Colds.

The London *Punch*, in a quiet and delicate manner, applies the following pungent salve to a fashionable folly, distressingly prevalent at the present day. It says:—"Young ladies should take care not to set near the piano; for it is a well-known fact the instrument has caused more dreadful colds, than all the thin shoes and draughts in the world. The most beautiful creatures, who were perfectly well and laughing the minute before, have no sooner approached a grand piano, than they have been suddenly seized with a sore throat, and have lost in a minute the use of their voice! This complaint is less taken as the young lady grows older, and rarely has any effect in a family where there are several sisters."

Woman.

Dickens, in his last number of *Barnaby Rudge*, gives us the following as a "maiden's vow," to "love, honor, and obey" her "true but much injured lover:"—

"And now at last, if you were sick and shattered in your every limb; if you were ailing, weak and sorrowful; if, instead of being that you are, you were, in every body's eyes but mine, the wreck and ruin of a man; I would be your wife, dear love, with greater pride and joy than if you were the stateliest lord in England."

An exchange says there is something softening in the presence of woman. There are none so good at melting, but her.

GOOD NIGHT, LOVE.

BY MRS. FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER.

Good night, love!

May Heaven's bright stars watch over thee!

Good angels spread their wings and cover thee!

And through the night

So dark and still,

Spirits of light

Charm thee from ill!

My heart is hovering round thy dwelling place;

Good night, dear love! God bless thee with his grace!

Good night, love!

Soft lullabies the night wind sing to thee!

And on its wings sweet odors bring to thee!

And in thy dreaming,

May all things dear,

With gentle seeming,

Come smiling near!

My knees are bowed, my hands are clasped in prayer!

Good night, dear love! God keep thee in His care.

THE CONFESSION.

BY MISS PHOEBE CAREY.

In the moonlight of the spring-time,

Trembling, blushing, half-afraid,

Heard I first the fond confession

From the sweet lips of the maid.

As the roses of the summer,

By his warm embraces won,

Take a fairer, richer color,

From the glances of the sun;

So, as gazing, earnest, anxious,

I besought her but to speak,

Deep, and deeper burned the crimson

Of the blushes in her cheek.

Till at last, with happy impulse,

Impulse that she might not check,

As it softly thrilled and trembled,

Stole her white arm round my neck;

And with lips, that, half-averted

From the lips that bent above,

Met the kiss of our betrothal—

Told the maiden of her love!

Thrift of the Yankee.

In perfectly good humor, the Tuscaloosa Monitor, of 11th inst., has given the following pungent and inimitable sketch:

A mountain of granite appears rather a tough subject to deal with, yet a Yankee will burrow in its bowels, and lo! the granite becomes gold in the vaults of the Commonwealth Bank in Boston. A pond of ice presents a cheerless and chilly prospect to the eye, but the Yankee, nothing daunted, will heave up its crystal masses, and straightway the ice glitters in diamonds upon the bosom of his rosy cheeked spouse. Wherever the Yankee layeth down his hand, gold springeth.

Into what soil soever he thrusteth his spade, gold sprouteth therefrom. In the dim twilight, by his chimney corner, he sitteth meditating, and thoughts chase one another thro' his brain, which thoughts are gold. Various

they are it may be, in form and seeming. One is but a gridiron, another a baby-jumper, and a third a steam-engine, but he writeth them all down in the patent office at Washington, and then putteth them in his pocket in golden eagles from the mint at Philadelphia.

But your genuine Yankee coineth not merely his own sagacious conceits; the follies, the fears and the errors of others, are moreover gold to him. He fabricateth mermaids and sea-serpents, and locketh up in his iron chest heaps of golden credulity. He manufactureth a pill of chalk and wheaten bread, which he warranteth to cure asthma, hydrocephalus, epilepsy and yellow fever, and presently buildeth him a great house on the banks of the Hudson. When a sudden delirium seizeth all the world, prompting them to emigrate in floods to nowhere, he quietly mustereth his fleets of transports for that destination, or buildeth a railroad in that direction regardless of what is at the other end, and putteth the passage money in his pocket. He erecteth to himself no castles in the air, but he diligently aideth his neighbor to build the same, and out of the proteeds grow up to him presently castles upon the earth. Such is the modern Midas—the Midas without the long ears—the cool, acute, sagacious, calculating Yankee.

"Taking it Coolly."

The editor of one of our English exchanges says to emigrants intending to start for California from this country, 'go well armed; and he lays down the most elaborate set of rules for them to be governed by—thus coolly countenancing this intrusion upon our soil, as though there was no question at all but that the whole affair, California, gold mines, bay of San Francisco and all, belong equally to the British crown as to the United States.—He says: "The territory has been only lately acquired by the United States, and there is no protection for either life or property in it. The reckless and daring character of the American backwoodsmen, many of whom have made their way to the golden valley of the Sacramento is known. They are all dead shots with the rifle, and when that fails, their close quarters with the bowie-knife generally proves fatal. Every native of our islands who should think of going thither, should be armed with a rifle, a brace of pistols, a dirk, and a couple of bowie-knives. They should go in bands of fifty to a hundred—keep watch and ward—study all species of fighting, offensive and defensive—make themselves perfect masters of the rifle, and provide a commissariat, with chests for their treasure, etc. Such parties may succeed; but straggling adventurers, or small isolated parties, ignorant of the country, and the mode of fighting or robbing practised there, will be shot down like deer or prairie hens." They will be shot down like prairie hens, armed or unarmed, in large bands or small ones, if they attempt to land thus equipped upon, the soil of the United States.—*Flag of our Union*.

EARLY POVERTY A BLESSING.—An English judge being asked what contributed most to his success at the bar replied, "Some succeed by great talent, some by a miracle, but the majority by commencing without a shilling"

THE LITERARY UNION.

SYRACUSE:

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1849.

A stout heart, a clear conscience, and never despair.

W. L. PALMER, is our authorized Agent.

Politics.

In a republican government like our own, the subject of politics demands the attention of the wise and good, to shield the community from the grasp of designing demagogues, and it seems almost indispensable for every person to examine the subject for himself that he may jealously guard his own rights, and never suffer himself to become the tool of those who would trample upon the rights of the people. But as important as it is, it seems to be overrated, and very many consider that to be a politician, is the only road to fame, respectability, and power. We do not quarrel with those whose souls are bound up in politics; we simply think they take low views of life, and have not a realizing sense of the responsibility they are under to carry out the objects for which they were created.

In consideration of the real importance of the subject, and the fictitious value which it has in the eyes of some, we consider it necessary for us to define our position respecting it, and mark out the course which we intend to pursue.

I. Upon all the old subjects which have so long divided parties, we shall have little to say, and that little will consist chiefly of extracts from the leading journals of all parties. Our reasons for this course are, 1., we consider the difference of parties as they now exist to be more in name than reality; and 2., there is an evident tendency to a new order of things, the breaking up of the old party elements, and the formation of new, on entirely different bases.

II. When great moral questions become the subject of legislation, we shall speak out decidedly and pointedly, even at the hazard of being called partisan.

III. Upon all new questions which may arise, we shall take sides, earnestly advocating the right.

The laboring man will find in us a firm friend. We shall jealously examine every subject which touches the rights of labor, and fearlessly expose any policy which will be prejudicial to the masses.

Our public officers are legitimate objects of criticism, and we shall exercise a freeman's right to investigate their conduct, and noting how faithfully they discharge their trusts.

In short, while we are no partisans, we shall uphold the good of all parties, expose the efforts of selfishness to fatten from the Public crib, and tear the veil from hypocrisy, which, under the guise of patriotism, seeks to carry out its own sinister views.

Credit

For the article entitled "Literary Matters," should have been given to "Excelsior."

Gen. Taylor is to attend the State Agricultural Fair at Syracuse.

Excusable Curiosity.

We lay before our readers the following important dispatch:

Messrs. Editors of the "Union":—

The President Stories, commenced in your second No. are creating much curiosity in this vicinity. The composition and character of the one published, are, I believe, admired by all; but the author—"who is he?"—is the general inquiry. It purports to be one Charles Acton, indeed; but who is Charles Acton? No such person is known in Syracuse. But if it is asking too much to know the author, (and editors are usually wondrously sly in such matters,) we will be content to read, ponder and guess, if you will only gratify us by stating whether or not we are to be favored with any more of Mr. Acton's productions. If you have secured his services for your paper, it *must* go.

A PATRON.

Syracuse, April 30, 1849.

We must be permitted to propound sundry aphorisms by way of reply to this missive.

1. He who writes, anonymously, should not be too inquisitive touching the names of others.
2. A man should never ask questions which he does not expect to have answered.
3. He should not test the existence of another by his own knowledge or ignorance of his identity.
4. Whatever is commenced in the "Union" will be completed.
5. Mr. Acton's services are secured to us.
6. The "Union" *must* go—ahead.
7. No one should ever thrust his *patronage* in the face of the *patronized*, without grave cause.

And we will furthermore inform our "Patron" that there will be as many nights spent at Welch's as we have stated propositions, and that each will produce its story, giving like the first, true incidents, and delineating living characters. This much it is permitted us to know, and say. And doubtless, when our "Patron's" restlessness is made evident to Mr. Acton, he will rouse from his inglorious apathy and make ready another act of the Drama, with all convenient dispatch. If he does not, we will even attempt something of the kind ourself, just to stay our "Patron's" stomach till the viands are served.—Our author happens, indeed, at this critical juncture, to be somewhat worried with the cares of a large family, and others not to be hinted at; still, we cannot do him the injustice to believe that he will fail to Act on the hint which our correspondent has so delicately given.

We wish to add, with impressive seriousness, that we feel grateful for our "Patron's" interest, and trust it may not suffer any abatement.

Liberal.

We learn from the Star that the site of the Granger Block is to be donated by the owner to the city for a Park.

Space.

We insert the following to fill out the column:

A white pedlar was found murdered near Bush Furnace, Md. Mrs. Preston, an aged widow who lived alone in a cottage in Buckeystown, Md., was found shockingly murdered with an axe, and a small sum of money which she was known to have, was missing.

GLEANINGS.

A daily National Era is to be established at Washington.

E. Cooper retires from the editorial charge of the District School Journal. He is succeeded by S. S. Randall, its former editor, who returns from Virginia restored to health.

Henry Clay contradicts the rumor that he is to deliver the address at the Ohio State Agricultural Fair.

G. P. R. James, the English novelist, intends visiting America.

The disturbances in Canada seem to increase.

The Siamese Twins, it is said, go to Europe this summer.

The printing of the last census gave Blair & Rives, of the Globe, a *clear profit* of one hundred thousand dollars.

The silver tea-spoons in the United States are estimated to be worth \$36,000,000.

The California mail-bags, for one vessel, weighed two tons.

The Treasury of Wisconsin is empty.—The Legislators went home without payment.

A Tree Planting Society has been formed at Newton, N. J., to improve and ornament the village.

There were 132 deacons and 205 priests ordained for the Established Church in England, Wales and Ireland, during the last Christmas season.

The citizens of Montreal have petitioned the Queen for the recall of the Governor General.

A large amount of spurious coin is said to have been shipped at New York for California.

Cooper, the American actor, is dead.

Horace Mann's last School Report is exciting attention in England.

There has been a riot at St. Charles, Illinois, caused by a Dr. Richards and his students, taking bodies from the grave-yard for dissection.

Crops at the South have been much injured by a storm.

A Free Sunday Library and Reading Room has been established in New York city.

The Nondescript, which has been exhibited in New York, turns out to belong to the *genus* humbug.

A Jewelry Store has been robbed in Albany.

It is estimated that 20,000 persons, 4,000 wagons, and 50,000 mules will be on their way to California, in June, by the overland route.

The refusal of the Massachusetts Legislature to charter a Catholic College, is creating great dissatisfaction.

In Newton county, Mississippi, an extensive copper mine has been found, with "a rich trace of silver."

The loss of Col. Fremont's expedition is 10 men and \$10,000.

Arrivals in Boston for the month of March, 315 vessels coastwise, 321 foreign. Clearances, foreign 267, coastwise 318.

George Baldwin, postmaster at Great Bend, Pa., has been arrested for robbing the mail of \$300,000, and has confessed.

Educational.

Influences which Retard Education.

We cannot forbear saying a word on the causes which impede the public Education of the People amongst us. One is the Effect of Habit. It has never been the habit of any State to demand a wide culture of its citizens, or to use the public wealth for the public Education. Said the present emperor of Austria, a few years ago, to the assembled students of the University of Vienna—"Austria wants not so much accomplished students as obedient subjects." The money which built Versailles and the Tuileries—what colleges and common schools might it not have founded! What sums are squandered by England, France, Prussia, the United States, on armies, navies, fortifications, which would easily educate those nations! True, a cannon speaks with a loud voice, yet a school-master can be heard the farthest.—The hundred million dollars already spent, it is said, in the Mexican war, would found one hundred and twenty-five free colleges, each as costly as Harvard University,—Library, Professorships, Scientific School, and all. Yet nobody thinks it very strange that the public book money and school-fund are taken to buy powder and ball!—Even the Churches, which certainly have played an important part in the general education of the human race, are doing little directly to advance the intellectual culture of mankind. They have favored that by God's Providence, not their own design;—unconscious ministers of a good they know not. At this day, in many instances, the clergy actually retard the education of the People—counting Reason as *carnal*, forbidding thought, mocking at Science, "now hawking at Geology and Schism," now justifying ignorance, pauperism, slavery, war—out of the Bible itself taking pains to establish unity of belief in some miserable tradition, rather than that independent wisdom which takes old things if good, and new ones, likewise, if also true. We wish such men may be found the exceptions;—yet we blame not the Church or the State, doubting not that the leaders of both walk by such light as they have. We only take their walking as the index of their light.

It has not been the habit of the people to look on Church and State as two keepers of a Dame's school for mankind, and therefore the nation has not held them to that work. Yet it is, if thoughtfully looked at, their highest function. Pope Pius IX. and Louis Philippe are but larger schoolmasters. The People themselves think little of education; make it consist of a very few things, a poor use of these three educational tools; a knowledge of their calling, so as to get along without many blunders—of a few good rules, but not in a generous culture of Mind, Conscience, Affection, and the Religious Sentiments.

In every community there is a class called educated. Their knowledge is their power; "the one-eyed man is lord among the blind." But the educated class even here have taken far too little pains to educate the multitude; have rather laughed at the toiling mass, as incapable of culture, and often made the matter worse than they found it. Certainly they are not doing what Christianity, or even Patriotism, demands of them. With the exception of that small but ambidex-

drous class, hard-headed, hard-bodied, who support themselves at school and college, every man, rich or poor, who gets a superior education, is a charity-scholar of Society, for others earned his bread while he was at school. He owes, therefore, for schooling; the least he can do in payment is to help the education of all. When such a man sneers at the ignorance of the public, calling them incapable and unwashed, it reminds us of a beggar abusing the man who fed, clad, and gave him a house. The staple literature of the nations has seldom been written in the interest of mankind—only of a class. One great excellence of the New Testament is, that it is written in the interest of the Human Race; that is one reason why it is the Book of the People, and will long continue such; one reason, also, why, in Catholic countries, it has been withheld from them. An eloquent writer, Rev. H. W. Beecher, says, "Men become scholars that they may become benefactors." "The body of educated men should stand so far above the level of society as shall give them scope to exert their greatest attractive force. If privileged at all, it is as the clouds are privileged to rain gracious showers that they have gathered up; as the sun's satellites are, to reflect light."

Then from our very circumstances there is an excessive demand for practical men. It is not merely Brain that is wanted, but Brain in the Hand. We turn all things to some immediate and economic use; would put Homer to lead the singing in some village church; set Raphael to paint the faces of silly women and sillier men, or, that failing, to daub sign-boards and make arabesques for calicoes: Michael Angelo and Da Vinci we should employ on a railroad, or place them with the sappers and miners in the army, and put Newton at the head some annuity office. High intellect, accomplished with high culture, goes to the Church, the Forum, or the Bar, and finds itself above the market. Superior ability, therefore, in America, finds its most fitting sphere in common Business, where superior talent provokes no jealousy while it wins its gold.

Such being the case, the general aim in education is not to get the most and the best, but the least one can get along with. It is counted the means, not the end, and is taken as a maid servant, as *HELP*, its demands granted with a grudge; not taken as a wife, for itself. Education is valued, as it helps made men able to serve as tools in the great workshop of Society. This man is an agricultural implement; that a tool of the court-house; another a piece of ecclesiastical furniture. The farmer must have a little culture for his special work on the soil, less for his general work as a man; the merchant a little more, special and general; the lawyer, minister, and doctor, a little more yet. But even in the learned professions it is rare to find men of large general culture; the special absorbs the general; the Whale of the profession swallows down the prophetic man, and makes way with him for ever. The title of Doctor of Law, Medicine, and Divinity has sometimes seemed to us a misnomer, for which it would be well to substitute Mechanic at Law, Medicine, and Divinity. Many professional men seem not educated, but wonted to their profession, as the mill-horse to his narrow beat, and have scarcely more saliency of intellect than the beast. How many lawyers and ministers are

there who are only parts of their profession!—You look for a man in the calling of the attorney or minister, and find only a lamb of the law, or a slip of divinity. We have few scholars ripe and good; each man gets a taste of education, some a mouthful, but nobody a meal. Such being the case, then, how much less can we expect a good and general education to be sought after and won by the laboring mass of mankind. Yet one fact is encouraging and prophetic: each man, as a general rule, is better educated than his father.

The reason of this neglect of the higher education in the educated class, of all but the rudiments in the humbler class, lies deep. We take mean views of life, of Man and his possibility, thinking the Future can never be better than the Past. We think the end a man is to live for is this: Wealth, Fame, Social Rank. Genius, Wisdom, Power of Mind, of Heart and Soul, are counted only as means to such an end. So in the hot haste to be rich, famous, respectable, many let manhood slip through their fingers, retaining only the riches, fame, and respectability. Never till manliness is thought the end of Man; never till education is valued for itself, can we have a wide, generous culture, even among the wealthiest class. Not till then in the mass of men shall we find a scheme of education worthy of the American people and the great ideas given them to unfold in life. But day teaches day, and Experience offers wisdom if she does not give it.—*Massachusetts Quarterly Review.*

I'm going to be a Man.

The Editor was visiting, some time since, in a family where he saw a little lad, about four years old. Calling the fellow to him, "Well my little boy," said he, "what do you intend to be when you grow up?" He had asked the same question a great many times before, and some boys told him they meant to be farmers, some merchants, and some ministers. But what do you think was the answer of *this* little boy?—Better than all of them. "*I mean to be a man!*" said he. It will matter very little whether he is a farmer, or a merchant, or a minister, if he is a *man*;—he will be successful, and be loved and respected. The editor has known some persons who never became men, but were *great boys* after they were grown up. Ask your teacher, children, what makes a *man*, and then, like the little boy, aim to be one.

Hear what Robert Burns says—

"What though on homely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin-gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,—
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel shows, and a' that,
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is King of men for a' that."

—S. S. Messenger.

CURRAN, the impassioned and brilliant Irish orator, said, "The only inheritance I could boast of from my poor father, was the very scanty one of an unattractive face and person, like his own; and if the world has ever attributed to me something more valuable than face or person, or than earthly wealth, it was because **ANOTHER AND A DEARER PARENT GAVE ME A FORTUNE FROM THE TREASURE OF HER MIND.**"

Literary.

NEW BOOKS.

NINEVEH AND ITS REMAINS: with an account of a visit to the Chaldean Christians of Kurdistan, and the Yezidis or devil-worshipers; and an inquiry into the manners and arts of the ancient Assyrians. By Austin Henry Layard. Two Vol. octavo. New York: George P. Putnam. 1849.

Perhaps no portion of the universe is so full of interest, as that which was the theater of the principal events recorded in sacred writ; and which was the seat of those mighty empires that ruled the world in the "old dusky times" of infancy. From our childhood we have been familiar with the names of the nations, the cities, and the kings which have successively followed each other in these regions, but beyond this we have absolutely known nothing. National expeditions have been fitted out to explore the newly found regions of the earth; wealthy companies have been formed to solve some of the historic and geographic mysteries of almost all lands, and private enterprise has also lent her aid to carry on the same work. The source of the Niger is known. Herculaneum and Pompeii have become as familiar as New York; the tombs of the Pharaohs have yielded up their treasures, and even the mysteries of ancient lore have been solved, by modern research and science; the wondrous remains of the cities of the last race of America have been explored, but the huge mounds upon the Euphrates have attracted no more than a passing notice, or been surveyed as objects of dread. Terrified by old and absurd superstitions, the wild inhabitants of this country have looked upon them with awe, and the traveler tinctured by the same spirit, has hurried past, devoutly, thankful that he had escaped from the unimaginable horrors with which his fancy had invested them. Mr. Layard, however, conceiving all earthly mysteries to be legitimate objects of human research, has boldly encountered the difficulties which he knew lay in his way, and entered upon this new field of interest and research. The result is given in the volumes before us.

Since the publication of the discoveries of Stephens in Central America, no work has been given to the public, of more interest to the antiquarian, or which adds more to the stores of our knowledge of things past.

Mr. Layard possesses rare qualities for the successful prosecution of an enterprise like the one in which he has been engaged. With no prejudices or pre-conceived opinions, and no ingenious theory to verify, he commenced his labor with the spirit of true adventure, and carried it on with indomitable courage and perseverance. The result has been, discoveries of the most brilliant kind, which cannot fail of greatly enriching this department of our Literature.

The searcher for truth, the scholar, and philosopher will hail this work with delight, and the man of leisure cannot while away time more pleasantly than by reading it. We shall take an early opportunity to make copious extracts.

The work is got up in Putnam's best style.

For sale at Wynkoop's.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE contains, among other rare articles, English reviews of several new works, Mr. Macaulay's Glasgow speech, the history of Pope Pius IX., a comparison of Dickens and Thackeray, and clear expositions of the political affairs of Europe.

THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY COURIER is another of those mammoth weeklies which have so long distinguished the "City of Brotherly Love." We recommend it to families as an article adapted to a variety of important uses; aside from its value as a newspaper, (and every body knows it to be an excellent one,) it will subserve the purposes of bed-blanket, window-curtain, or even those twin offices so happily expressed in the line,

"A sheet by night, a table cloth by day."

THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL.—We welcome this monthly to our table as one of those works which are destined to effect great results. It is not important to us whether it professes to be the organ of hydropathy, or any other theory under Heaven; it is enough that we see the smile of benevolence, and the earnest, intelligent glance of reform illuminating its pages. Nathless, we must confess a secret kindness towards that creed whose agents are the purest, simplest, commonest of Nature's gifts; and must invoke a benison on the effort which would supplant disease and quackery, by an observance of natural laws and natural remedies.

Akin to this enterprise, is

FOWLER'S PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, which is too well known to need more than a passing notice. We will only say that we have never seen any of its numbers superior to the two before us; and that we have a word to say presently of ourselves, touching human science, which may, or may not, agree with the principles it defends, but which we hope to make serviceable to the "good cause."

INTELLIGENCE.

Literary Matters.

A Philadelphia paper, in giving some account of the publishers of that city, mentions that Carey & Hart are the most extensive. They publish every year 100,000 volumes of original American works. This, of itself—allowing there were no other publishers of our home manufacture—would be a pretty good evidence that there is, at the present day, no very plentiful lack of American authorship. And if it should still be asked by some British critic—as it was a few years ago, "Who reads an American book?" it can scarcely be a question at least who publishes one. Though these gentlemen publish so much, they are exceedingly cautious as to the character of their publications. As certain kings and great men, of whom we read, used, in former times, to keep a taster, whose business it was to see that the food was not poisoned, so do Carey & Hart employ a reader to whose critical judgment and moral taste are subjected all new works, whether American or imported; and without whose sanction none of these works are permitted to see the light.—This course is judicious on more accounts than one. It not only insures the purity of the moral, and the briskness of the intellectual, atmosphere, as far as the press of Carey & Hart is concerned, but also provides effectually against the assertion

that their books "are never read." The publications of Carey & Hart are of all classes,

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

The editor of the *Transcript* received a letter from Mr. Macaulay by the last steamer, in which he says, referring to the alterations of his orthography—

"The question is one to be decided, not by me, but by the American public. I should have thought myself injured if the Messrs. Harper had taken on themselves to alter the substance or style of my book. But I do not conceive that I have a right to complain because they have adopted a mode of spelling which, in some respects, differs from mine. I write *traveller, dullness, defence*, because all Englishmen write so, and because, if I wrote otherwise, I should be accused of affectation or even eccentricity. But if your countrymen prefer *traveler, dullness, defense*, I cannot blame a publisher for consulting their taste. Whether the Websterian spelling be or be not generally approved in the United States is a question which I am quite incompetent to decide."

This candid statement of Mr. Macaulay settles the orthographical warfare.

The health of C. F. Hoffman, whose unfortunate attack has been so widely noticed, is gradually improving, and he will undoubtedly soon return to the society of which he has so justly been an ornament and a favorite. Fitz Greene Halleck is still suffering under a severe brain fever. Its symptoms, however, are not such as to forbid the hope of speedy and permanent restoration.

Douglas Jerrold's last work of fiction, "A Man made of Money," has had a tremendous sale in England, and is now selling rapidly here.

Charles F. Hoffman.

The lamented insanity* of this talented gentleman creates universal regret among all who know his genius and his virtues. Hoffman was our school-fellow, and the companion of many a boyish sport, one of which proved nearly fatal to him, and rendered him a cripple for life. Playing at the foot of Courtlandt street, New York, on the North River wharves, it was considered fine fun to sit with our legs over the cap-log, and see how long we could keep them there when steamboats were coming in. One day this boyish temerity had a sad result. A boat struck the opposite side of the wharf, and veering suddenly caught poor Hoffman's leg, crushing it so awfully that amputation became necessary. The scene of sorrow, when the promising lad was carried home, torn and lacerated, made a vivid impression upon us, and taught useful caution in after years.

The new York Dispatch states that several weeks since, Mr. Hoffman fancied that there was a design formed against his life; he was sure that an attempt would be made to poison him, and one day he took his food and carried it to a chemist, demanding, in an agitated voice and an excited manner, an analysis. The chemist, who did not know Mr. Hoffman, was about to apply the simpler tests, when, alas! without the aid of chemistry, he made the sad discovery that his visitor was insane. The food was innocent of plague or poison—there was but a "mind diseased"—a troubled and a confused brain, from which the dim light of reason was only for a time, let us hope, withdrawn.—*Philadelphia Sun*.

*He is recovering.

News.

England.

All is quiet.

Ireland.

The patriot Duffy is to have a second trial.—Lord Lieutenant Clarendon has been strongly petitioned in his behalf, but declares, beforehand, a belief of his guilt.

Pestilence and famine are doing fearful injury.

France.

The government is taking the most arbitrary measures to suppress Socialism and all disaffections. Imprisonments are numerous, and a restoration of the guillotine is to be apprehended.

Mr. Brisbane, the distinguished American Socialist has been banished from Paris. Socialism is making great progress, particularly in the army.

The Cholera is still in Paris.

Spain.

Venice and Genoa have been besieged by the Austrians.

Palermo is in a state of blockade, by the Neapolitan fleet. The Sicilians defend themselves with the utmost courage and determination.

Austria and Turkey.

The Austrians have been defeated in Hungary by Bem. Turkey has ordered the Russian troops, which occupy her territory, to be disarmed. Austria is furious at this step. The Turkish Minister at Vienna, and the Austrian at Constantinople have both been ordered home.

War between Russia and Turkey seems inevitable.

Germany.

The King of Prussia declines the German imperial crown, though with conditions. The Arch-Duke John has resigned the Regency.

The war rages between Denmark and Holstein. The Danish fleet has been captured and destroyed, while the Germans have been defeated on land.

We subjoin extracts of interest touching the affairs in Europe:

ITALY.

The Insurrection at Genoa.

On the 2d, after a combat which lasted for several hours, the Piedmontese General de Azarta, who had command of the garrison, was obliged to capitulate. The combat commenced on the evening of the first, about 4 o'clock, and continued without interruption during the whole of the night, the inhabitants having been forced by the insurgents to illuminate their houses, in order to enable them to carry on their operations. In consequence of the strong position held by the troops, the result was for a long time doubtful; but at length towards ten o'clock in the morning, Gen. de Azarta, finding that the strength of the insurgents was rather increasing than diminishing, while he himself was cut off from all hope of reinforcements, was obliged to capitulate. The lives of the troops were spared, and the whole of the men were allowed to quit the place with their arms, and with all the honors of war.—Lord Hardwicke, who commands the British ship of the line Vengeance, is spoken of with praise by the Genoa papers, as having contributed in obtaining favorable terms for the troops, and having prevented the horrors and excesses which might be expected as the consequences of the popular triumph.

General La Marmora, who commands the Piedmontese corps dispatched to Genoa, published a manifesto, dated April 3, at his headquarters at Ronco, in which he states, that seeing the state of revolt in which the city of Genoa now is, refusing to acknowledge the capitulation between the military commander of the division of Genoa and the rebels, and wishing to restore order, he directs that the troops which have left the city shall stop their march, and that the city shall be strictly blockaded. Those citizens who wish to range themselves on the side of order, will have the liberty to come out, and will receive aid and protection; but all passage of merchandise or provisions shall be prohibited. All the places occupied by the blockading force, and in general the whole circle of the blockade will be subjected to martial law; and all arms, even those of the national guard, must be surrendered within 24 hours, under pain of the punishments of military law. The manifesto then announces the dissolution of the civic and national militia, as well as the volunteer force, and several other restrictions, all tending to the forming of a strict blockade and the suppression of the revolt.

Reasons and Possibilities.

The intelligence of Bem's victory at Cronstadt has excited the general expectation that he will take the direct road to Bucharest, excite the Wallachians against their oppressors, and the Osmanli, who are quite ready for it, to take up arms against Russia. He is standing at the Rubicon, and if he crosses it, he will fling a brand whose flames will extend to the Caspian Sea.

The garrison of Galatz, we know, has already left for Bucharest, and 6,000 Russians, with thirty-two pieces of artillery, have entered Wallachia. Bem wrote to Gen. Luders, that he hoped they should eat the passover cakes together at Bucharest.

The relation of Austria to the Porte is very precarious, in consequence of the position taken by Russia in regard to both Governments. The breach is as good as made. The Porte has recalled its Ambassador from Vienna, and the Imperial Internuncio, Count Sturmer, has responded to it by quitting Constantinople.

The Porte is said to be possessed of information that an alliance exists between Austria whereby the existence of Turkey is sacrificed for Russia aid. The Turkish Government has sent a note to the Austrian Government, stating that the Porte alone has the privilege of intervention in Transylvania, and that the intervention of Russia in a territory of the Turkish kingdom in the internal conflicts of a third country cannot be tolerated. The position of the Turks is singular and painful in the extreme. They yield unwilling and dogged obedience to the command of their powerful neighbor, who can at any moment overawe them by a number of Christian rajahs—a neighbor who has suddenly assumed the Danubian principalities as his territory, and now demands the transit of the Dardanelles.—Austria was their national ally against Russia; and Austria herself has become an ally against them. No, marvel, therefore, if Bem finds friends in them, and if we are witnesses of the strange spectacles of seeing Hungarians, Poles, and Turks, combined against the Christian Slavonians of Turkey, and fighting with the Russians and Austrians. Events are not sufficiently

ripe to enable us to prophesy what the immediate future will bring forth; but they will be seen ere we are aware. The haughty Cazarina once said "The way to Stamboul is by Cherson!" ere long it may be by Bucharest and Transylvania.—[*Coinische Zeitung*, April 11.]

The War in Sicily.

The *Liberta* of Naples, states from Palermo, that great preparations for war are going on there. The Sicilian army is to amount to 40,000 men; an ordinance manufactory is established at Palermo, which furnishes ten twelve pounders per month. Large French ordinance is placed to defend the port. General Mieroslawski commands the Valley Cantania. General Trobriand has been named Marshal of Sicily. The fortifications around Palermo are actively carried on—ditches, parapets, mines, and barricades are constructed under the direction of the military engineers. Forty thousand persons of all ranks, peasants as well as nobles, men as well as women, are at work there.

The King of Naples has issued three decrees establishing the budget of 1847 for 1849. The Liberty of the Press is under almost absolute prohibition, and martial law is established for a certain class of offences.

News has been received from Sicily so late as the 3d inst. Up to that day no decisive military movement had been made, but an attack was in preparation for Catania. Filangieri left Messina on the 1st, to join his troops, who had marched in advance, and were said to have destroyed the village of Patti, and blown up a town near Taormina. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed at Palermo. The royal troops were said to have met with a check near Melazze.

Canada.

The excitement in Montreal has been tremendous. In addition to the burning of the Parliament house and Library, the Governor and members have been insulted in all possible ways. The very troops who were called out to preserve order have shown more sympathy with the people than with the authorities.

The Governor has been obliged to set at liberty the state prisoners, in order that they might control the fury of the insurrectionists.

A petition to the Queen for Lord Elgin's recall has been prepared.

The following very just remarks are from the *N. Y. Express*:

"Nothing can be more absurd than the idea entertained by certain persons in this quarter, who ought to know better, that the agitation now going on in the Canadas is directed against the mother country. The quarrel is in every respect a local one, and both contending parties endeavor who to be the loudest in professing loyalty to the sovereign, even while engaged in riot, and ready to cut one another's throats. England, in truth, has nothing to say in the matter, and what course she can prudently pursue in respect to her refractory progeny, who are only quarreling among themselves, we are rather more curious than anxious to learn. One thing, however, is certain: nobody in Canada dreams of annexation to the United States, save the *ultra* politicians of the British, or Riot party, and this result these Hotspurs would bring about, not for any love of the "universal Yankee nation," (which they in their hearts most sincerely hate,) but in the hope of sinking forever the political identity of the still worse hated French Canadians in the Anglo-Americanism, a union which our confederacy would bring upon them."

Correspondence.

Encouragement.

From one of the many kind letters we have received relative to the "Union," we extract the following passage:—

"You are commencing in the right way. In the name of Heaven, I charge you *not to fail!* Command me in any way you please, if help is needed. Your demands shall be met, to any extent within my power. I would carry the hod at a shilling a day, rather than see the enterprise defeated. But ——— writes "*we will not fail!*" and therefore, I know you will not. The location itself is a guaranty of success. An infant city, proud of its enterprise, and anxious to distinguish itself with ambitious rivals all around, will not suffer the fire of its own immortality to be extinguished. * * * You have fallen upon auspicious times. The world is ready for your work, just as you are prepared to commence it. You are young and vigorous, full of energy and full of hope, and charged with that unfailing spirit of conquest which Christ gave to his disciples. You go forth to battle for the *right*, at a time when the true hearts of all lands are united in support of your cause. The bow of promise spans the Heaven of your destiny, describing thereon, with its brilliant emblazonry, a magnificent emblem of the triumphs that await you. God is on your side. Go forward! '*You will not fail!*'"

Our friend over-rates our powers, but not our zeal. We have a conviction of success which will not brook any thought of failure. And it is by such words as these that our hands are strengthened, even as were those of the prophet while Israel contended with its foes.

The Legal Profession.

We are constrained to give a portion of a letter lately received from a friend in a neighboring state, wherein he speaks of the Law, as it appears to him, in his first acquaintance with its mysteries. It has long been our own opinion that the man who could retain his integrity while exposed to its temptations, was entitled to the most unequivocal testimony which can be borne to incorruptible virtue; and that an honest lawyer, therefore, merits the highest respect and veneration of any member of community.

"And now," he says, "since I have commenced being plain, I will play the character through. The fact is, I perfectly despise the Law practice, as it is here carried on. I am not certain that it would be going too far, to pronounce it a system of knavery and fraud, from beginning to end.—But the Common Law *theory* is quite a different thing. That, I must say, is truly admirable in all its parts. It is based upon the fairest and plainest principles of justice between man and man. As found in the books we read, it is characterized by an elevated diction, a high tone of morality, and reverence towards God. The judgment of every reasonable mind can but approve it. It makes one proud of his species and his Anglo-Saxon blood, to become acquainted with the pure, naked principles of the Common Law, and trace out the history of their original application to the business affairs of England: but he grows sick at heart when he turns from that to the contemptible, drivelling pettifoggers, who

claim to be its oracles, and who, if they had any honor, would sell it at any time for a five dollar fee. My mind, during the past winter, has been wrought up to the highest pitch of indignation, on seeing the tricks resorted to by the profession to carry their points against the clearest claims of justice. Within the past four months, New York merchants have been swindled out of goods in this and an adjoining village, to the amount of thirty or forty thousand dollars, by men who call themselves lawyers. And he who is most successful in planning and prosecuting and effecting robberies of this kind, is called the greatest lawyer. Hence, lawyers here, study little else. By throwing myself into the profession, with decision and energy, I can make it a lucrative vocation; but God deliver me from the guilt which I am persuaded every one must incur, who enters the profession, here, as a practicing lawyer, under the precedents that are established around him. If you imagine that I am in a state of *betwixtiveness*, about this time, you will be not far out of the way. I can dig, or beg, but I don't like to steal!

From the Norway (Me.) Advertiser.

Sermon on Profanity.

"To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise."

I propose to preach a short discourse on the above text.

1. Then, "profanity is no more bravery than lying or stealing sheep. The brave are those who dare to do right, although the practice of the past may have sanctified the wrong. Howard and Oberlin were brave men. Long, long after the duelist and profane swearer have been forgotten, the bravery of those who have dared to do good—to do as they would be done by—will be gratefully remembered. Young man, wouldst thou be among them? wouldst thou be remembered? go, then, and do likewise.

2. Profanity is not polite. Chesterfield has not included it in the list of polishers of character. And the profane themselves are so sensible of this that they suppress the oath in the presence of chaste and virtuous females. Wert thou doing right, young man? didst thou feel that such language was commendable? that it was any part of the character of a gentleman, thou wouldst not be ashamed to use it. Nay, thou wouldst consider it a duty to use it in the presence of the virtuous particularly.

3. That which is neither brave nor polite, can not be wise. This we hold is so self-evident as to need no other proof; and we do not know that any one has claimed it as a part of wisdom to desecrate the name of God. Young man, if thou meanest what thou sayest, thy broadcloth, if thou art lucky enough to have any, coverest a foul heart. If thou dost not mean it, thou usest the filthiness of others to thine own shame and dishonor. And in either case thou shouldst forsake so vile a habit, and live for something holier and more in accordance with your interest.

St. Johnsbury, Vt. 1849.

FACTS.—He who has a high forehead, will have his eyes under it, and will live all the days of his life.

He who has a long nose will have the more to blow and an easy one to pull.

He that is bald will have no hair—but if he happens to have any, it will not be on the bald place.

Political.

New Constitution in Kentucky.

The following reforms are proposed:

- 1st. The election of all public officers by the people.
- 2d. Biennial session of the Legislature, and a restriction of the legislative action to the passage of acts of a public nature.
- 3d. A limitation of the tenure of office.
- 4th. A restriction of the power of the legislature to create a public debt, unless by consent of the people at a general election.
- 5th. A homestead exemption.
- 6th. The passage of General laws granting corporate powers.

The reterave Ritchie thus discourseth, touching the phases of Organism:

"We owe everything to our principle and our party, and we are making arrangements to infuse such further talent and energy in our paper, as the occasion obviously requires. We have great confidence in our cause, as well as in ourselves; great confidence in the associate whom we shall attempt to bring into our establishment from the North or the North-West; and we trust we are not mistaken when we add, great confidence in the republican party. We shall stand by them; and we appeal to them to stand by us. We shall address them, however, at a more seasonable period; and hope to make our arrangements by the 13th of June, when the new organ '*established especially at the instance of Gen. Taylor*,' will take the field."—*Washington Union*.

A Brilliant Day-Dream.

JULES LECHEVALIER, the Paris correspondent of the Tribune thus discourses in a recent letter:

I return to a fact which merits your attention—the complete tacking about of European affairs which may result from the acceptance of the Imperial Crown by the King of Prussia. It is certain that this Crown has been the supreme aim and ambition of the House of Brandenburg, and more especially of the reigning King. His apparent hesitation, therefore, is consummate policy. He fears that the time may not yet have arrived, and he does not wish to break with Russia and Austria—perhaps with England. What a fortune for France, if she could make an alliance with Prussia, the pivot of the emancipation of Europe, weighed down with the double yoke of Russia and England! Would it not then be time that the American Republic should interfere in this conflict, by countenancing the coalition against England and favoring the movement which will crowd Austria towards the Danube and Russia toward Constantinople? The King of Prussia will be the first and the last of the Emperors of the German Unity. The Universal Republic—the Republic of Europe and that of America, reaching from Quebec to Rio Janerio—will infallibly be born on the morrow of our alliance, and of your direct *entree* into European affairs. France and America making use of the ambition of Prussia for the emancipation of the world and the destruction of the English monopoly—such is my dream for the Present; the Democratic Republic established throughout the globe, under the auspices of France, Germany and America—such is my hope for the Future.

Agricultural.

AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.

Agricultural Chemistry teaches us that there are essential ingredients in soils, which it is of the highest importance, we should understand.—It is incontrovertible that the salts existing in soils constitute but a very small portion of the whole mass of the soil—that they are not to be deemed accidental, but entirely indispensable to plants, which according to their respective nature admit one or another into the circulation, and perish for want of the appropriate salt.—By salts we must understand all those substances which consist of a base united with an acid. The principal bases are Potassa, Soda, Lime, and Magnesia, which enter into the composition of all fertile soils. The acids with which these ordinarily combine, are the Carbonic, the Sulphuric and Phosphoric. By burning plants, their combinations appear in ashes. An examination of the properties of their principal salts and their components, sheds a great light upon the subject. Let us begin with the bases. These are discovered to be metallic oxydes, the pure metals of which were obtained by Sir Humphrey Davy, and they are denominated respectively potassium, sodium calcium, and magnesium and bone barytes, barium, &c. But potassium, which is the one most easily obtained, may be taken as a type of the class.—It is a glittering metal, much like silver, but clear as water. It has some quality in common with sodium. When a current of water is passed over it, it is decomposed with great rapidity, developing its oxygen. It often changes red color to blue. It combines with other acids, forming neutral salts, which are obtained by evaporation. The other alkaline metals follow the same process, but not so energetically as potassium. The proportions in which they combine are 50 parts potassium, 8 of oxygen; making 48 of potassa, 24 parts of sodium, with 8 of oxygen, making 32 of soda.

Knowing the great importance of this to a farmer, to know what amount his soil contains of potash, or of soda, we present them distinctly.—Take a portion of the soil, and put it into boiling water, and then strain it through a filter.—The water will exact all the soluble portions—then dry by evaporation, and the salt remaining will show by its form, its solubility, and by the action of the air upon it when exposed,—what base it contains. That base will generally be found combined with sulphuric acid. When sulphate of potash is present, it will be discovered by its slow solution and its permanency when exposed to the air. Some plants receive from the soil minute portions of alkali, while others absorb an immense quantity. Some plants, Montena for example, contain a considerable quantity of sulphur, which combine with oxygen, develops the offensive gas, sulphurated hydrogen, as is often found in fire arms when neglected, and with putrid eggs. To this is owing the nauseous smell of water, in which vegetables may have been cooked. So with the water near the mouths of rivers, especially on the coast of Africa. The copper of ships anchored there, rapidly decays, and this is the attributed cause of the unhealthiness of those shores. The best test of its presence is sugar of lead in solution, which in a short time shows itself producing a sulphuret of lead.—Sulphuretted hydrogen is then unquestionably

pernicious to animal life, but not to vegetables, for to some of them sulphur is necessary; it is essential in mustard, cabbages, and in a large class of plants.—*Scientific American.*

AGRICULTURE—Practical Farming.—

How general yet absurd is the notion that practical farming means, and is, the rough and tumble application of manual labor to the soil—and waking at six o'clock in the morning to feed the cows and clean the hog pen. In those days when science was herself confined to the schools, its application could not be made to farming, and without *applied science* there could not be *skilful practice*. But the time-honored profession of the Farmer, has advanced with the intelligence of the age. It is true that the wealth of Abraham, Laban and Job, consisted in their cattle, as also did that of the Ulysses, Latinus and Varro; and Cato considered them the most certain and speedy means of enriching a country; but a Lavoisier, in France, and a Buel, in our own country, have shown wonderful results of the assistance which all the sciences have given in developing the mysteries of every production of the soil.—The truth is, that as art advances, the more assistance it is likely to derive from science. The time is not many centuries past, when the timid sailor crept from headland to headland, and trembled when perchance he saw but the sky above and the sea below—his badly constructed craft dared not venture upon the unknown and trackless ocean; but science raised up the trembling needle, and fear gave way to confidence. Tall ships dance upon the captive sea, unknown lands yield up their treasures to the skill of a Columbus. Geography readily paid her tribute to navigation, and the Heavens themselves telegraphed their dispatches of Celestial guidance to the experimental mariner, who ventured beyond the particular limits of his practical grandfathers. Laban raised kids and lambs; Ulysses raised cows; Lavoisier raised crops, and Buel raised fruit. Laban had shepherds; Ulysses was a prince and a warrior; Lavoisier never worked out of his laboratory, and Buel was more of a practical printer than a practical farmer. Probus, a Roman General employed his soldiery planting vines in Europe; as Hannibal formerly employed his planting olives in Africa—and it has been said in our times, that the best cabbages come from Kinderhook. It is the lover of science in its application to farming, that enjoys its noble and elevated pleasures. It is of him it can be said, as of Cincinnatus:—

"The Romans, as historians all allow,
Sought in extreme distress the rural plow;
To triumph for the village swain
Retired, to be a Nobleman again."

THE GRAPE—PEACH—PRUNING.—From the report of a recent meeting of the Farmers' Club, N. Y., we clip the following items:—

The question of the *Culture of the Grape* coming up,

Mr. Meigs mentioned an instance falling under his own observation, of an Isabella vine which had been suffered to go unpruned, but yet had vigorously flourished, and nearly covered one side of a barn, with leaves eighteen or twenty-four inches across—large enough for a parasol.

Dr. UNDERHILL ascribed this unusual luxuriance to the great amount of nourishment afforded by the proximity of the barn-yard. He observed, also, that he had grown wild vines in the forest, and had suffered them to go uncultivated until they had reached above the tops of the trees.—

But he found that they had degenerated by receiving no cultivation or pruning, and he now does not gather them at all, but gives them to the birds.

He observed, farther, that the Grape will deteriorate as it has risen, if not cultivated—for its tendency is always downward. Take away any system of culture, and it will go back, in time, to the original state of wildness. Cultivation is making revolutions in every department of Horticulture, and by the choice of still higher stocks, the varieties of fruits may be improved still more.

The best pruning time is in Spring—in May or the early part of June, when it can be done.—The Dr. had found white-lead the cheapest and best article for use at this time; it is not removed either by heat or rain.

Much pruning the Dr. considered injurious to the Peach. He had tried, but had nearly abandoned the practice, with the exception of taking out the diseased limbs. If pruned at all, it should be done when the limbs are young—and even this the Dr. does not practice now. By a forced and inordinate growth, the constitutional vigor of the tree is broken down, and it is caused to grow with half the quantity of carbon which it ought to have. The sap-vessels are made too large, so that in Winter the tree becomes a perfect icicle—the quantity of sap being rendered so disproportionate to the amount of woody matter that freezing is almost inevitable. Hence the tree is injured internally.

Judge LIVINGSTON remarked that he also had nearly abandoned the pruning of his peach-trees; but in August he thought it well to shorten back the finer varieties.

Grape cuttings should be set vertically in good, but not very rich ground, about six inches apart, with one eye only out of the earth; it is necessary to shade them a little, and water them occasionally, and they must be particularly attended to in August."

A WORD ABOUT GARDENING.—No one can be truly said to live who has not a garden. None but those who have enjoyed it can appreciate the satisfaction—the luxury—of sitting down to a table spread with the fruits of one's own planting and culture. A bunch of radishes—a few heads of lettuce—taken from the garden of a Summer's morning for breakfast: or a mess of green peas or sweet corn, is quite a different affair from market in a *dying condition*, to be put away in the cellar for use. And a plate of strawberries or raspberries lose none of their peculiar flavor by passing directly from the *border* to the *cream* without being jolted about in baskets until they have lost all form and comeliness. And yet, how many in the smaller cities and villages of our country, possessing every facility for a good garden, either through indolence or ignorance are deprived of this source of comfort? And how many farmers, with enough land laying waste to furnish them with most of the luxuries of life, are content to plod on in the even tenor of their way, never raising their tastes above the "pork and beans," of their fathers.

They'll plead with injured heaven awhile,

RHUBARB.—Procure a dozen or so of the plants of this excellent vegetable and set them out to supply your table with tarts.

CELERY.—Prepare a bed and sow celery seed for early use.

Opinions of the Press.

We subjoin a few notices which have met our eye, for the purpose of indicating the manner in which our enterprise is regarded by the press.—For the courtesy they have shown us, they will please accept our thanks.

From the Syracuse Journal.

THE LITERARY UNION.—The second number of this well printed and well filled publication, is upon our table. It is in the hands of intelligent and persevering men, and cannot fail to succeed. The extracts are varied, in good taste, and of an elevated tone. W. W. Newman, Proprietor; J. M. Winchell, and James Johannot, Editors.

From the Onondaga Standard.

LITERARY UNION.—This city is truly becoming the storehouse of newspapers!—two new ones having been ushered into being on Saturday last. One we have noticed in another place, and now we have to mention "The Literary Union," a publication altogether different in character from its cotemporary.

Although the name of this new claimant to public favor, would import that it was to be exclusively literary, we see by the Introductory and Prospectus that it is designed to be also reformatory in its tendencies, and to act independently and discuss boldly, all the great moral questions which agitate society in this progressive age. This position we like, and hope to see it maintained, with unflinching firmness.

The Union is published on a royal quarto sheet, each No. containing 16 pages, at \$2 per annum, invariably in advance. W. W. Newman, Proprietor; J. M. Winchell and James Johannot Editors.

From the Syracuse Reveille.

THE LITERARY UNION, is the title of a new literary weekly paper just commenced in this city, by W. W. Newman, Proprietor—J. M. Winchell and James Johannot, Editors. It is published in Royal Quarto form, and makes a very handsome appearance. The matter, both original and selected, is excellent. It is designed to be an independent paper, speaking on all the great questions of Reform. The Editors are young gentlemen possessing a high order of talent, and are capable of making up a paper of great value to the people. Such a paper is needed in Western New York; therefore, we hope the Literary Union will receive that support which it so richly merits.

Terms, \$2. Palmer, Agent.

From the Impartial Citizen, (Syracuse.)

THE LITERARY UNION, is the title of a newspaper published in this city, by W. W. Newman, and edited by J. M. Winchell and J. Johannot.—The Union is both a literary and a reformatory paper. It is published weekly, on a royal quarto sheet containing 16 pages, at \$2 a year, in advance.

We rejoice at this accession to our city periodical literature. The Union will, doubtless, serve good purposes. Its leading articles are able and instructive. Its typographical execution bespeaks the professional tact and talent of Messrs. Agan & Summers, the printers.

From the Syracuse Central City.

We have received the second number of the *Literary Union*, published in this city by W. W. Newman, and edited by Messrs. Johannot and Winchell. All of these gentlemen, we believe, are engaged in the public schools of this city, and are favorably known both as teachers and gentlemen of literary taste and attainments.—We hope it will not be deemed unkind in us when we say that the success of the paper is extremely doubtful. The field is pre-occupied by journals published in the eastern cities of established reputation and circulation. We believe it is not far from the truth to say that ninety-nine out of every hundred attempts to publish literary journals in the country, prove utter failures. Nothing will gratify us more than to see the *Literary Union* an exception.

From the Aurora Borealis, (Boston.)

The *Literary Union*, Syracuse, N. Y. a very neat quarto form, sixteen large pages, W. W. Newman, Proprietor; Winchell & Johannot, Editors. I wish them all success in their arduous undertaking; no better fun out than starting news and literary papers.

From the Troy Post.

THE LITERARY UNION, is the title of a new weekly paper just commenced in Syracuse. It is published in Royal Quarto form, by W. W. Newman, and edited by J. M. Winchell and Jas. Johannot. It is neatly printed and filled with useful and interesting matter. Its Proprietor and Editors are young men of talents and thorough education. We know them to be capable of making a good paper, and they have given a good earnest that they will do it, in the number before us.

Speaking of Syracuse newspapers, the Albany Argus says:

To these we add "The Literary Union," the first number of which is before us, in handsome quarto, issued weekly, by W. W. Newman, proprietor, and J. M. Winchell and Jas. Johannot, editors. It professes to be "independent in everything," and evinces industry and capacity.

From the "Excelsior," (Boston.)

LITERARY UNION.—This is the name of a new candidate for favor from the public, published at Syracuse, and got up in very attractive style. It is ably conducted, well-filled, and guarantees a high tone of sentiment. From the specimen number, we should think it would become immensely popular.

From the Literary American, (N. Y.)

THE LITERARY UNION.—We have received the first number of a very neat weekly paper, bearing the above title, from Syracuse, N. Y., which, so far as our knowledge extends, bears the palm from all the various journals in the west of our State. Its form, title and arrangements, remind us of our own appearance, prior to our enlargement. It is edited with ability by Messrs. Winchell and Johannot, and promises to be a valuable addition to our periodical literature.

From the N. Y. Organ.

NEW PAPER.—The Literary Union is the title of a new paper at Syracuse, edited by J. M. Winchell and James Johannot. It is a good looking sheet, and gives decided evidence of taste and good judgment.

From the Rochester American.

THE LITERARY UNION.—We believe we have hitherto omitted proper mention of the above weekly paper, recently started at Syracuse by W. W. Newman as proprietor, and Messrs. Winchell and Johannot as editors. The conductors of the *Literary Union* are gentlemen who feel a strong interest in education. Their enterprise, therefore, appeals to teachers and others who feel a like interest. The paper is handsomely printed, and looks like one destined to succeed. We trust and believe the editors are not among the inconsiderate many, who engage in journalism without counting the cost it involves of time, labor, brains and money. Success to them.

From the Univercelum.

"LITERARY UNION."—We welcome to the list of our exchanges a weekly paper of the above title, of which we have just received the second number. Judging from the specimen before us, its literary character, moral tone, and typographical execution, would seem to be of a high order. "The great idea which will pervade this journal," say its editors, "is progress;" and it comes out under the motto, "Independent in every thing." It is issued in royal quarto form, each No. containing sixteen pages, and is published by W. W. NEWMAN, Syracuse, N. Y., at \$2.00 per annum in advance.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Post.

THE LITERARY UNION.—We have received the second number of a well edited weekly periodical with this title, published in Syracuse, New York. "Of the making of papers there is no end."

Prospectus of Littell's Living Age.

This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and Blackwood's noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, his highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenaeum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase the variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say indispensable, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "winnowing the wheat from the chaff," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

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Enquire of
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Syracuse Markets, May 5.

Flour and Meal.—Flour per bbl. \$5 50@5 62½; Meal per lb 1¼c; Feed, per bushel, 10@16c; do fine, 28c; Buckwheat flour, per cwt., \$2.

Grain.—Wheat, per bushel, \$1 25; Corn, do, 44c; Rye, do, 56c; Barley, do, 44; Oats 26@28; Buckwheat 38c.

Fruit, dried, per bushel.—Apples 32a38c; Pears \$1; Peaches, per lb 12½c; Plums, per lb 10@12½c; Quinces, per lb, 10@12½c.

Provisions.—Pork, per bbl. \$14; do ½ cwt., \$5@5 50; Beet, Mess, ½ bbl. \$12; do, prime, ½ bbl., \$8; do, ½ cwt., \$4@5; Hams ½ lb 7@7½c; Shoulders ½ lb 5@6c; Lard, ½ lb, 8@8½; Butter ½ lb 14@15; Eggs, ½ doz., 9@10; Turkeys ½ lb 8@9c; Chickens ½ lb 8@9c; Geese, each, 25c; Ducks, each, 14@15c.

Vegetables, per bushel.—Potatoes, 50@59c; Turnips 20c; Onions 56@62½c; Beans 38@75c; Peas 50@75c.

Seeds.—Clover, per bushel, \$4; Timothy, per bushel, \$2@2 50; Flax, per bushel 87½c@91. Hay per ton \$7@9.

Wood.—Hard, per cord, \$3; Soft, per cord, \$1 50c.

Wool.—Fine fleece, ½ lb, 31c; Common, 20@24; pulled, 20@28c; Sheep skins, each, 44@88c; Lamb 30@60c.

Salt.—Solar, ½ bbl. \$1 75; Fine 81@88c; Dairy, ½ Sack, 10@12; Salt barrels 23c.

THE MASSACHUSETTS TEACHER.

This Publication is issued monthly, under the patronage and direction of MASSACHUSETTS TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION. Each No. contains 33 pages, with a cover, at the subscription price of \$1.00 a year, in advance. The second volume begins with January, 1849. The attention of the Friends of Education in general is respectfully called to this work, and their subscriptions solicited.

Published by COOLIDGE & WILEY,
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PROSPECTUS OF THE LITERARY UNION.

The great idea which will pervade this Journal, is PROGRESS.

Beyond the ordinary, though indispensable intelligence of the day, the Public has wants which our newspapers do not supply. The pretty lispings of juvenile tale-writers, and poetical misses in teens, on the one hand, and tissues of false sentiment and vicious narrative miscalled "Cheap Literature," on the other, spiced with the bitter bigotry of all kinds of partisanship, are made to satisfy the keen appetite for knowledge created by our Free Institutions.

But how will the boast that ours is a reading people recoil upon our own heads, if their reading be such as will corrupt the morals and enervate the mind?

To furnish the Public with the choicest fruits of intellectual exertion, shall be our effort; to wean its taste from a false and demoralizing Literature, our high aim. We shall labor specially to elevate the rising generation; the "Young America," so soon to wield the destinies of the first nation on earth.

In thus advancing the great interests of a National Literature, we shall be aided by numbers of our best writers. The Farmer, the Mechanic, and the Teacher, will each find his vocation elevated by the aid of their special handmaid, Science. The Fine Arts will be prominently noticed. The learned Professions, with the great principles of Religion and Politics, will receive the attention they deserve. In each of these departments, practical men will devote time and labor to the enterprise.

We would fit our paper particularly for the Domestic Circle. Poetry of the first order—gems of History, Biography and Fiction—the cream of general news, with a rigid analysis of its correctness and tendencies—these, all seasoned with a sprinkling of Humor, we hope to make productive of equal pleasure and improvement.

To our country women, we would say, that we regard their sex as the great instructors of the race, and shall strive with all our energies to assist them in this work. While we would not have them emulate the madness of their *soi-distant* lords, in the battle field, or in the broils of the Senate Houses, we would encourage their aspirations to every attribute of intelligence and refinement.

Though bold, our enterprise cannot be presumptuous; for we trust not to any innate and unusual ability of our own, but to the potent influence of the spirit of Progress, whose servant we would be, and to the aid promised us by persons of eminent ability. And with this encouragement, we have resolved to launch our bark upon the sea of Journalism, and await such breezes as it may please Heaven and a liberal people to send us.

TERMS, &c.

THE LITERARY UNION will be issued every Saturday, commencing April 7th, in Royal Quarto form; each No. containing 16 pages. The mechanical execution will be unsurpassed.

TERMS.—\$2.00 a year, invariably in advance.—Publication Office at the News Room of W. L. Palmer, No. 2, Salina St., Syracuse, N. Y.

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